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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Learning and Leadership

THE past week has seen the loss to letters of the dean, and perhaps the most eminent, of contemporary American critics. William Crary Brownell, who died in the plenitude of years and wisdom, was the direct inheritor of the tradition of criticism as it was practiced in this country by Emerson and, less profoundly, by Lowell, and in England by Pater and Arnold. That is to say that he was a critic in whose judgments literature could never be divorced from life, and whose intellectual pronouncements were rendered vital through the elixir of ethical purpose. Dealing throughout his long career as literary adviser to a publishing house with the contemporary and the immediate, he never lost sight of those values which in literature as in life are immutable and propulsive, and, an aristocrat of the mind, never ceased to labor for democracy of the spirit. He was indeed the very perfect exemplar of that learning on the collaboration between which and leadership Mr. Alfred Zimmern in an extraordinarily illuminating little volume* has recently stated the survival of civilization depends.

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For Mr. Brownell had a knowledge that was ample, and a zeal that was constant, to interpret thought in the terms of the actual, and ideals in relation to action. He was the apostle of all that for which Mr. Zimmern and his committee for intellectual coöperation of the League of Nations are looking when they seek for the harmonization between intelligence and life. That was Mr. Brownell's long pursuit—his dearest endeavor—and it links him to those leaders of peoples who through all the ages have advanced the cause of humanity by force of the idea. He strove with eloquence, with discrimination, and with fine penetration to interpret America to itself, and the outside world to America. He bent his criticism unfailingly upon the contemporary scene, no matter how completely it might be based upon the work of the past, and his exposition was big with the kind of wisdom that is an illumination upon living and that in conjunction with government ensures the welfare of Nations. What Mr. Brownell held as a creed, and labored as an individual to effect, Mr. Zimmern and his associates in the League of Nations are now organizing to promote. And surely no greater good could come to the cause of human progress than that some method be devised by which learning and leadership be brought into conjunction, by which the fecundating thought of the philosopher and the critic can be steadily and directly played upon the problems of government and international relations.

* * *

As our world is organized to-day—especially as our American world with its wide dissemination of a degree of education among the masses is organized—both the need and the opportunity for light and leading are great as never before in history. It is too much to expect that the Brownells themselves will be read by the many, but it ought to be little to hope that the few, reading them, will be inspired to a juster understanding of the values that literature is privileged to interpret to life, and enlivened to a quicker desire to promote the cause of intelligence in the world of practical affairs. On that the hope of society depends. To anyone who, like Mr. Brownell, spent his labor and his pains on its promotion not only the world of to-day but of to-morrow is indebted. Mr. Brownell was an eminent literary critic. But he was far more—he was a distinguished worker in that cause which deems its purpose the reconciliation of differences within and between nations through the light of a common understanding.

* LEARNING AND LEADERSHIP. By ALFRED ZIMMERN. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.

Pausing and Considering

By DOROTHY E. REID

IF I have seen the universe condense
Into a single arrow-point of light
Shining with others in the dim immense
Wastelands of night,
Or if I measure my life by a warped rail fence
And a sparrow's flight,

What will it matter? Say I have read Descartes,
Nietzsche and Heraclitus for my need,
Studied my mind and analyzed my heart,
Watching it bleed—
Or say that I chose to play a martyr's part
For a narrow creed,

I have no bland assurance that a rose
Seeded between my dust and that of one
Who differed from me greatly will dispose
To turn and shun
My fertile neighbor, though I lie with those
Who weighed the sun.

This Week

"Some Modern Poets and Other Essays."
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
"The Bread of Our Ancestors."
Reviewed by *N. S. B. Gras.*
"The Son of Man."
Reviewed by *Bernard Iddings Bell.*
"The Island of Captain Sparrow."
Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*
"The Happy Mountain."
Reviewed by *Herschel Brickell.*
"The Great Days of Sail."
Reviewed by *Captain David Bone.*
"Mid-Pacific."
Reviewed by *Frederick O'Brien.*
Christ in China.
By *Witter Bynner.*
The Folder.
By *Christopher Morley.*
The Works of John Webster.
Reviewed by *Tucker Brooke.*
"The Story of Chemistry."
Reviewed by *Clifford S. Leonard.*
"Tseng Kuo-Fan and the Taiping Rebellion."
Reviewed by *H. K. Norton.*
The Art of the Book in Italy.
By *Franco Ciarlantini.*
The Wits' Weekly.
Conducted by *Edward Davison.*

Next Week, or Later

Folk Literature.
By *Mary Austin.*

The Kaleidoscope

By CHARLES A. BENNETT

THERE was a time when novels used to begin like this: About ten o'clock of a wild December night in the year 18— a solitary horseman might have been seen ascending the hill that led. . . . The rest of the chapter would fulfil this early promise. You would have a straightforward narrative of events. Chapter two gave you as much information about the local scenery and about the ancestry, past history, and present character and prospects of the chief persons as it was necessary for you to know. With chapter three the author got into his stride. From that point on it was "story" or "plot." But those days are gone. No one with any serious literary pretensions would write a book like that now. For the moderns have discovered the "inner life of the mind." To write a book with a plot were naive. To deal with the events of the visible tangible world would be to lapse into a grossness unworthy of people of the finer shades. The vicissitudes of the stream of consciousness are the only events vouchsafed to us. The inner world is alone important.

This change in the centre of interest has naturally brought with it a change of literary convention. The omniscient, omnipresent author who pervaded the old-fashioned story without intruding himself upon the reader's notice, who told everything in a direct impersonal way, has disappeared. Nowadays nothing may be reported unless it has first been filtered through the mind of one of the characters. If it is necessary to relate the events that precede the opening of the story, then someone must fall into a convenient reverie—a reverie that may last for ten pages. If coarse material things like weather or scenery are to be mentioned, it must be by means of someone's emotions or impressions about them. The narrative is punctuated with "she thought," "she asked herself," "he reflected," "she remembered," "he mused," "he knew."

The hill seemed very long. How long was it now since he had started? he asked himself. Three hours? Four? Impossible to tell! One lost count of time when one was slogging along like this in the dark. . . . The dark! One hated the dark, ever since the time when as a little boy one had had to pass that landing on the way up to bed. Emma used to say there was a bogey man there. Good old Emma! One remembered the queer feel of her gnarled bony hands . . . Come up there, you brute!

* * *

There you have your solitary horseman, modern style. Observe that the general situation has to be guessed at from the disjointed mutterings of a maundering mind. As for Emma—"and who the deuce may *she* be?"—Emma probably does not appear in the story again except as a symbol of some infantile neurosis, skotophobia, perhaps. And the horse, poor beast, never gets beyond the status of a subtle inference. But we are not to worry about such trifles. It is the horseman's stream of consciousness that matters.

An extreme example of the thing I have in mind is Tomlinson's recent book, "Gallions Reach." True, it contains a story; the murder, the flight, the shipwreck, adventures in a tropical jungle, the return of the murderer. But these are not the things of primary interest. The real story, from the author's point of view, is the drama of the murderer's emotions and reflections. Above all, of his reflections! No incident is so trivial that it cannot release a flood of philosophical meditation. Never was criminal so sensitive and self-conscious. "Gallion's Reach," for all its apparatus of external

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adventure, is nothing but the prolonged soliloquy of a murderer for whom every quiver of the nerves is translated into a thought.

Some psychologists maintain that when children at play "pretend" they do not deceive themselves. They simply use the things of the external world as temporary supports for that world of imagination in which they spend so much of their time. Here is a walking stick. No, it's a gun! "Look, Mother, I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier!" "Gallions Reach" is like that. The only function of the visible tangible world is to supply so many *points d'appui*, so many places of rest and renewed flight, for that vague, tenuous inner life of the hero.

Now I have no objection to any writer's choosing the inner life as his subject. If we have indeed discovered a new world—the hidden, mysterious, subconscious region of the mind—, then that world offers a fair field for exploration. Neither dogmatist nor censor has the right to forbid entry. My complaint is directed against the methods now in vogue for revealing that world and its influence upon explicit thought and conduct. The technique seems to me crude. Thus when I am told that at a certain point the hero fell into a prolonged reverie over the past which just happens to recall the necessary information, I detect at once the manipulating hand of the author. I know that the hero did not fall into a reverie, or if he did, it was into a chaotic and irrelevant daydream. The writer says he did. But I don't believe him. It is just a dodge, and a feeble one. When the bang of a door starts the hero off, as it so often does in modern novels, on a philosophical meditation upon noise, noise in general, noisiness of modern civilizaton, decay of leisure, lack of opportunity for tranquillity in modern life, Oriental Calm against Western Feverishness, Buddhism, Nirvana, and so on for pages, I feel inclined to cry out to the author, "Away with these desperate expedients of banging doors and musing minds! Tell me straight what your hero's philosophy of noise was. That is all you really want to do, so why go in for being modern and clever and psychological?" That is bad art which does not conceal art, and what I have called the old-fashioned convention really did not obtrude the author and his technique upon the reader's notice nearly so much as do the new-fangled tricks.

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I have essentially the same criticism to make of the more explicit attempts to exhibit the influence of subconscious factors. Writers have learned from psychology that "clear consciousness" is a relatively small and unimportant region of the total life of the mind. Beneath it or around it lies the subconscious, that twilight region of inarticulate fears, hates, loves, impulses, impressions, judgments. Here we are to find, so we are told, the real moving forces of conduct, here the real drama. Well, we will grant that assumption if you like. But how are we to demonstrate our faith? Here, I think, we find clumsiness again. The essence of the subconscious is that it is *sub*conscious. Its messages cannot be formulated, nor its fleeting forms grasped. Yet the effect of the modern method is too often to make it definite and articulate, to give it a status like that of clear consciousness. Here is an example from O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," a play in which the author sets out to tell *everything* that passes in the minds of the characters, not only what they say, but the great procession of suppressed thoughts and feelings.

Nina

[As if listening for something within her—joyfully]
There! . . . that can't be my imagination . . . I felt it plainly . . . life . . . my baby . . . my only baby . . . the other never really lived . . . this is the child of my love! . . . I love Ned! . . . I've loved him ever since that first afternoon . . . when I went to him . . . so scientifically! . . .
[She laughs at herself]
Oh, what a goose I was! . . . the love came to me . . . in his arms . . . happiness! . . . I hid it from him . . . I saw he was frightened . . . his own joy frightened him . . . I could feel him fighting with himself . . . during all those afternoons . . . our wonderful afternoons of happiness! . . . and I said nothing . . . I made myself be calculating . . . so when he finally said . . . dreadfully disturbed . . . "Look here, Nina, we've done all that is necessary, playing with fire is dangerous" . . . I said, "You're quite right, Ned, of all things I don't want to fall in love with you!" . . .

My difficulty with a passage like this is that it throws too bright an illumination upon that twilight region of the mind where suppressed thoughts and hidden impulses dwell. O'Neill has brought these shadowy creatures out of their obscurity, made them definite, and conferred upon them a voice. Instead of revealing a subconsciousness whose nature and manner of operation have to be divined from its faint echoes or perturbations in consciousness, he has endowed each of his characters with two consciousnesses. The impression produced by a reading of the play—I have not seen it acted—is of the extraordinary duplicity of the characters. They think one thing—think it all too clearly and articulately—, and say another. But my criticism is not directed against the psychology of "Strange Interlude," but against its technique. No tricks of typography and no stage directions can conceal the fact that we are dealing with a distinction no more profound than that between uttered and unuttered thoughts. Only the spell cast by that sacred word psychology can prevent one from seeing that O'Neill's devices are as cumbersome as the outmoded conventions of the aside and the soliloquy. No doubt he intended to create a different impression: he wanted to exhibit the workings of those hidden mental forces vaguely called the subconscious. He has failed, and he has failed because he has not discovered a convincing method.

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If I should be asked for examples of less inadequate methods, I should give two. The first is from "Alice-for-Short." Charles Heath, it may be remembered, has brought Alice, that forlorn little waif, to his mother's house for shelter. He has been afraid to tell his mother. Mrs. Heath is, in her own estimation, a much abused but long-suffering person. Partridge is the Perfect Servant. Mrs. Heath learns about Alice's coming from Partridge.

"I am not attaching any blame to you, Partridge, in any sense—but I feel that I *ought* to have been told."

Whereupon Partridge coughs expressively and sympathetically. She endeavors to make this cough say,

I feel that your son and daughter do not recognize to the full your position in the house, nor the weight of cares and responsibilities that beset you, nor the administrative skill of your domestic economy; but I perceive that they are guileless, owing to the purity of their extraction, and while willingly admitting that you ought to have been told, venture to hope that a *modus vivendi* may be discoverable, and above all that I may be recognized as blameless, and remain always your obedient humble servant.

Perhaps she hardly succeeds in making the cough say all that, but she feels it was a good and useful cough, as far as it went.

There you have the old-fashioned, omniscient author giving you a straightforward account of Partridge's subconscious. And though De Morgan makes no solemn claim to psychological profundity, indeeds seems to be smiling at himself, is he not just as discerning and profound as any exponent of the current mode?

For my second example practically any one of the short stories of Katherine Mansfield would serve. She is one of the few "psychological" writers who does not, if I may so put it, take the "sub" out of the subconscious. She does not drag the subconscious into the light where it loses all its iridescence, like some of those deep sea fish when brought to the surface. Her method is indirect. She hints; she suggests. If you ask me to be more precise and tell you how it is done I can only reply, after many vain attempts to discover the secret, that I do not know. But let anyone who is interested read "Bliss"; let him read it carefully, several times, and let him study the part played by the pear tree in that story, and although at the end he will probably know no more than I do how it is done, I think he will agree with me in saying, "That is the way it ought to be done."

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In trying to explain the failure of the modern method I find two causes for its ineffectiveness. The first concerns literary craftsmanship, the second involves a point of theoretical psychology.

Those writers who devote themselves to a description of the stream of consciousness proceed, I suppose, upon the theory that the life of the mind taken in its totality is not luminous, definite, and orderly, but chaotic, vague, and obscure. It is really like a river, running now muddy, now clear, here tumbling into rapids, there flowing in quiet reaches, a thing of deep pools, of shallows and eddies and stagnant backwaters, a stream that moves from a hidden source to an unknown destination. Let us grant that this is true. The problem then arises how this truth is to be conveyed in literature. The solution reached by novelists to-day seems to have been determined by the following assumption: If the mind is a stream, then the language you use to describe it must be in flux; if consciousness is an affair of broken lights then our language must be shattered; if consciousness is confused then our prose must be incoherent. To call this sheer dogma, as I believe it to be, is not a sufficient criticism. The final test, after all, must be practical. We must ask: Does the structureless prose that is now fashionable really convey the thing that our novelists wish to convey? For myself I must answer that it does not feel at all like this to be a mind. These truncated sentences, these verbs without subjects and these subjects without verbs, these rows and rows of exasperating dots, evoke no sense of mental life whatever. They suggest nothing so much as a prolonged convulsion of hiccoughs. I have no doubt that my mind and your mind are dark disorderly affairs, but I simply do not recognize myself or you in this version. And I conclude that the reason the artist has failed to convince me is that he has too rashly assumed that if you are to depict chaos the only way it can be done is by adopting a chaotic style that combines the worst mannerisms of Alfred Jingle Esq. and Miss Bates.

In stating the second cause I shall have to begin by being dogmatic myself. There is no such thing as a *mere* state of mind. A state of mind has no independent existence of its own. It always refers to something beyond itself and cannot be defined apart from that reference. An idea is an idea *of* something, an emotion is an emotion *about* something, an attitude is an attitude *towards* something. The temptation of the professional psychologist is to suppose that you can separate the state of mind from that to which it refers, regard it as an event in the natural history of the mind, establish its connections with other similar events, and so formulate "laws of mental process." To this temptation many writers to-day have succumbed, and there, I think, lies the root of the trouble. They have set out to describe mental life directly, whereas, if I am right, it is best described, for purposes of literary evocation, not directly, but indirectly, by means of that *to* which the mind refers. An illustration may help to make this clear.

A friend of mine tells me that the most successful representation of fear he ever saw was a picture of a man looking over his shoulder and running away as hard as he could from something—something that lay outside the frame of the picture. What happens, I suppose, in such a case is that the observer projects himself imaginatively into the place of the figure in the picture and sends his mind out towards that unknown shape of terror. Fear is not described so much as evoked, by giving the observer something to be afraid *of*.

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In actual life intense emotions have a way of seizing upon some apparently trivial circumstance—"a fancy from a flower bell"—which becomes as it were emotionally charged and afterwards serves in recollection as a symbol potent to call up the original emotion. Poets know that the most effective way of conveying such an emotion is not to attempt a direct psychological description of it but to focus attention upon its symbol. Half the art of poetry consists in finding words and images that have the power of arousing vast tracts of "subconscious" meaning.

My objection therefore to the psychological school of writers comes to this, that instead of learning from the poets and giving us art they are sitting at the feet of the psychologists and giving us—well, what they are giving us! One can hardly call it psychology. The business of the psychologist, I take it, is to constitute himself observer of the mind of the other person and report what he, as observer, sees there. The business of the artist, as far as our present discussion is concerned, is not to observe and describe mind, but to evoke, by indirection, the sense of what it feels like to be a mind. Suppose the mind is a self-moving kaleidoscope. The psychologist, "one who is outside looking in," records and tries to discover law in the changing patterns. But if the mind is a kaleidoscope the function of the artist is to tell what it feels like to be a kaleidoscope, and you will never accomplish that by piling up descriptions of patterns, however ingenious and exact they may be.

If only someone would write a book to be called "The Kaleidoscope Looks at its World"!

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Essays in Criticism

SOME MODERN POETS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By EDWARD DAVISON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DAVISON'S verse has already won him golden opinions, with which I have no quarrel. But it is of no advantage to him that his publishers should describe these critical essays as "brilliant and provocative," and quote the London *Mercury* that "Davison has one of the toughest and most original minds among the youngest generation of writers." The adjectives are singularly unhappy and only draw unnecessary attention to the absence in his critical work, so far, of all these characteristics. The two essays which have interested me are on Walter de la Mare and on Analyzed Rhyme; the former because it quotes with appreciation verses of Mr. De la Mare's which give me a new or renewed impression of his curious and delicate subtlety; the latter because it deals with an experiment in rhyme technique* which I had never heard of before. It is more than assonance—or the rhyme of vowels, but not of consonants—for it is based on the quatrain, and puts rhyming consonants with unrhyming vowels and vice versa—thus: "hate—spoil—Detroit—scale," instead of "hate—spoil—recoil—skate; or "love—seen—won—grieve" instead of "love—seen—dove—green." The experimenter is a young and unknown poet named Frank Kendon, and the experiment has attracted no attention. But if one's ear became accustomed to it one might like the modulation and the softer chime. There is no reason in nature why assonance or modulated rhyme should not win a place in the sun. The perfect rhyme is a habit of the ear, not a canon of esthetic.

Mr. Davison greatly admires the Poet Laureate and does not greatly admire Mr. Masefield, who is often slovenly of course—so was Byron—whereas Mr. Bridges is technically as finished as Pope or Tennyson. But Mr. Bridges could no more have written "Dauber" or "The Everlasting Mercy" than could Mr. Masefield "Eros and Psyche," and which will last the longer nobody knows. Taste, culture, and technical subtleties are fine things, but power and passion are not negligible things. The limited appeal of Mr. Bridges's verse is no mystery. It is as understandable as his great interest to those who bring to poetry an inspecting eye and a deliberate palate.

* * *

The only American poet dealt with is Mr. Vachel Lindsay, an unexpected choice, for Mr. Lindsay is more loose-jointed than Mr. Masefield. One would have expected that Mr. Davison's taste for Bridges and De la Mare would lead him to Robinson and Frost. His reason is that the two latter only "reflect Anglo-Saxon America," "have few American characteristics," and "might have occurred in a different environment," whereas Mr. Lindsay "is in fact the most American of American poets." He has only obvious things to say of Mr. Lindsay; perhaps it is only obvious things that can be said of Mr. Lindsay; but this is one of the things that are both obvious and mistaken. It involves much the same confusion as once proclaimed Whitman "At last, the American poet!" These two poets seem to the average Englishman "American," because they seem to him boisterous, disheveled, and odd. But that is much the way they seem to an average American, who is not very fond of oddity or disheveled boisterousness. It was Longfellow and not Whitman who appealed to him, and I suspect more of us Americans are like Mr. Frost or Mr. Masters, than are like Mr. Lindsay. Perhaps not. I suspect at least that they have more readers. Mr. Robinson is peculiar, but belongs in a distinct New England tradition, and his last book has had an extraordinary sale.

The forgotten fact is that America is European. The adjective, like the adjectives Roman or Latin or English, long ago jumped its geographical limits in pursuit of realities, and applies to various parts of the world. European civilization is a distinct thing, like the Greek, but it is not confined to Europe any more than Greek civilization to Greece. English literature is the literature in the English language. There are no Americans more profoundly American than the so-called "Anglo-Saxon Americans." America is a very complex and varied phenomenon. The most representative American—if there were any such—would not be one who had the least of the European about him, but the one who was most like America as it is, and that is European with differences. If you segregate the differences and say, "That is America," you will have been misled by the obvious into the hopelessly wrong. Mr. Lindsay's Americanism consists of things more obvious to the alien. A shout is more obvious than a modulation. An Italian critic might think Mr. Masefield the true English poet and Mr. Bridges not at all, because his impression would be that a combination of brutality, unleashed sentiment, and sprawling workmanship is characteristically English, whereas sedulous artistry is either not national or peculiarly Latin. The English quality of Mr. Bridges's mind and art would not be as obvious at an Italian distance as that Mr. Masefield writes of ships, fox-hunting, and evangelistic conversions. So are the subjects and intonations of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, at an English distance, less obviously native than Mr. Lindsay's "Kallyope" and the inspiration of negro exhorters.

One of the chief pitfalls of youth is this absorption in the obvious. The world is all fresh because largely unknown, and this is a situation that makes for poetry better than for criticism. At any rate Mr. Davison's publishers could have made a better selection of laudatory adjectives.

* Mr. Davison has printed examples of Analyzed Rhyme in his Wits' Weekly.

MARISTAN CHAPMAN
Author of "The Happy Mountain" (Viking Press)
See next page.

The Bread of Europe

THE BREAD OF OUR FOREFATHERS: AN INQUIRY IN ECONOMIC HISTORY. By SIR WILLIAM ASHLEY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $4.25.

Reviewed by N. S. B. GRAS
Harvard University

ASHLEY did not live to see this book through the press. The theme was the child of his advancing age, coming at a time of grief and disappointment. Failing to realize his ambition when a young and brilliant scholar at Oxford, he went to Toronto, then to Harvard, and finally to Birmingham as dean of the first faculty of commerce in England. His books started out with great promise in 1888, but after his return to England executive work greatly curtailed his productivity. Ashley always had something to say, and he said it well. Oxford had taught him to make the most of his knowledge. He complained in later life that Rogers had failed to introduce him to manuscripts. And to the end of his days, he had used them very little. But, as he did not dig deeply, so could he spread out widely—over England and the Continent.

In these seven Ford lectures, Ashley considers the bread eaten by people, chiefly in England, but also abroad. He begins with Rogers's theory that the English peasant, unlike the Continental, ate good wheaten bread in the Middle Ages. To Ashley, Rogers's view was quite wrong. In Kent and a few other localities the English peasant might have eaten wheaten bread, Ashley thought, but elsewhere it was chiefly black, or rye, bread as in northern Europe to-day. The lords, the clergy, and the townsmen got the wheat. At least as early as the fourteenth century, there developed the social distinction: eating white bread was then somewhat like keeping a servant to-day. But gradually, and almost completely by the late eighteenth century, the English cultivator and laborer, even the pauper, came to enjoy wheaten bread.

If man is what he eats, and if wheaten bread is superior to rye bread, then the subject is significant. Ashley agrees with Rogers's stand that the subject is important. Wheaten bread is said to be more digestible, and the spread of its growth and consumption facilitated the development of towns. Indoor workers liked the white bread which digested easily, while peasants found rye bread had the necessary resistance for their heavy outdoor work.

The author seems to say little or nothing about ergotism associated with the use of rye by man and beast, and particularly prevalent in medieval France. He might have adduced instances of wheat being given by English lords to their peasants at the time of boon-works. But on the whole, this is a learned and fair-minded inquiry into a significant subject. Much more might be studied along similar lines. How much septic poisoning was due to the eating of murrain sheep and cattle, and how much scurvy and malnourishment arose through the excessive consumption of pork in the Middle Ages, we shall probably never know. Oatmeal porridge, milk, beer, and apples were common correctives, helping to balance the diet of English peasants.

The larger significance of the study is not the explanation of English superiority, but the prior development of town life and indoor work in England, long before many Continental peoples had begun to modify their devotion to the plow and to black bread. Where wheat and rye can be grown equally well, wheat will supplant rye for bread when an urban civilization demands it. And in Russia to-day, where towns have apparently declined, rye seems to be more cultivated than ever, at least in recent times.

Ludwig's Life of Christ

THE SON OF MAN: THE STORY OF JESUS. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

EVEN the greatest of men is frequently tempted to capitalize unworthily a great reputation. That apparently is a temptation to which Mr. Ludwig succumbed when he wrote this book. After he had written an interpretation of Napoleon, concerning whom he knows a good deal, and another of Bismarck, about whom he knows even more, he set out to write a life of Christ, of whom he seems to know almost nothing. It seems to this reviewer inexcusable that a man who aspires to be known as a scholarly historian should have written with such small investigation of the findings of contemporary scholarship. This book would have passed for competent, perhaps, thirty years ago. No New Testament scholar can take it seriously to-day. This is what makes it negligible, rather than its definitely mechanistic bias, a bias which the author in his introduction explicitly avows, when he says, "There is no mention of supernatural occurrences, for I am writing history." Such downright dogmatism, while offensive to true scholarship, is in the mood of the mob at the moment, and the publishers wisely feature it on the jacket. But even the most downright Positivist, if at all aware of scholarly research in New Testament fields, must be a little irritated at a pseudo-learning which avows that it ignores St. John's Gospel; which refuses to admit that Jesus visited the Temple as a child, simply because neither St. Matthew nor St. Mark happen to mention it; which seems naively to assume that the Synoptists are independent witnesses; and which, above all, is unaware that in later apocalyptic literature before Christ's time "Son of Man" was the most supernatural of all the Messianic titles.

The author vehemently asserts that he is writing history, not composing an historical romance. He says that not an event or a saying is manufactured. This is true enough, except that, when one selects from a mass of equally authenticated material merely such events and sayings as one happens to like, one does in fact considerably manipulate facts to support a preconceived idea—which is hardly history and very near to romance. It is one thing to tell the truth; another to tell the whole truth. Moreover, Mr. Ludwig himself says, "In the bridges of thought whereby the words and the deeds

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are interconnected, the author has necessarily given free rein to imagination." That means that he supposes that history consists in taking some skeleton of facts and imagining therefrom what a man's inner life has been. Interesting enough, but sheer romance. What Mr. Ludwig has really done is to tell what Mr. Ludwig would have felt if he had been in Christ's place. There can be no objection to this; but to call it historical presentation is nonsense.

In brief, the author thinks Christ's life had two periods: one, when he was a simple, idealistic, humble preacher of Cheerfulness; the other, when he was horribly deceived into thinking Himself Messiah. In short, when it is all boiled down, Jesus emerges as the tragic victim of a Messianic obsession. This interpretation is not a new one. It has not in the past seemed to be adequate. Too much of the Gospel account must be ignored to make it plausible. Jesus may not have been all that the Church has at times maintained, One without human limitation, but He certainly was more than he pitiable victim of a delusion.

Mr. Ludwig says he hopes that the book will upset no one's faith. It will not, chiefly because it is such very, very dull reading that few will bother to finish it. Its turgidity of style has been enhanced by what appears to be a wretched piece of translation.

Unknown-Island Romance

THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW. By S. Fowler Wright. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MR. FOWLER WRIGHT is in revolt, to some extent against contemporary civilization and still more against contemporary literature. For the modern hero and heroine who curl up and quit he has little use, nor for the habit of mind that sees in curling up and quitting civilized man's only proper gesture in the face of the universe. It does not appear that Mr. Wright thinks very highly of the universe; but he feels that more pleasure and possibly more profit can be attained by fighting it as long as you can stand up than by lying down and letting it roll over you. He is bored by the complexities and intricate trivialities of civilization and what is (rather questionably) known as sophisticated fiction. He goes back to the elementals: How did this man save his life? How did he get enough to eat? How did he get a woman? How did he keep her, when hard persons tried to take her away from him? All of which is most easily asked and answered in a somewhat ruder and more primitive setting than that most familiar to his readers.

His first book (the first published in America, at least) went back about as far as possible. "Deluge" was a story of a world cataclysm, a readjustment of the sea level which swamped all civilized countries except a part of the English midlands, on which a strange assortment of refugees survived—survived only so long as they could fight successfully for survival. It had power and ingenuity and an underlying thoughtfulness; an imperfect but immensely interesting book, which deserved its success, and more. "The Island of Captain Sparrow" is of less importance; indeed it looks like barrel stuff. It is set on an unknown Pacific island; and for all Mr. Wright's ingenuity, it is not much more than another unknown-Pacific-Island story.

The unknown-Pacific-island story is, of course, one of the staples of the fiction trade—no more to be despised, when you happen to feel like it, than a hot-dog sandwich. But there are tricks in all trades, even the manufacture of a hot-dog sandwich or a Pacific-island story. Mr. Wright, in a laudable desire to get away from the conventional, has peopled his island with monstrous man-eating birds, and with real satyrs; apparently in the conviction that people who read South Seas fiction will believe anything. I suspect he is mistaken; the conventions of South Seas fiction admit considerable improbabilities, but not of his zoological sort. And beneath the garnishings the contents are the familiar hot dog. The hero is the conventional neurasthenic gentleman who recovers a taste for life when he has to fight for it; the heroine is the usual girl castaway of irreproachable breeding and engaging nudity. They do well enough, but nobody in the book approaches the magnificent Claire Arlington of "Deluge," a woman worth a thousand of the inviscerate pushovers who pass for heroines in "modern" fiction.

One hears that Mr. Wright is working on a sequel to "Deluge." He resolved a minor complication in the plot of that book most admirably, without recourse to the half dozen cheap solutions that offered themselves; but he passed over, perhaps he even failed to notice, a major difficulty of his own story. "Deluge" stopped just in time; in about one page more his hero would have been lynched and his heroine raped. One waits with curiosity to see how he gets them out of the hole into which his logic tumbled them.

Spring Pilgrimage & Return

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN. By Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Herschel Brickell

LEAVING out of consideration the fact that this first novel by a Southern writer has already received the accolade of the Literary Guild and is therefore assured a place upon numerous library tables and some bookshelves throughout this long and broad land, what does it seem to offer as fulfilment and as promise?

First of all, Mrs. Chapman's work displays an original style. She has taken the mountain-talk for her own, and woven its odd words, some of them seventeenth English, some of them Scotch, and some "homemade," into her writing, giving it a peculiar quality. Added to the use of these unusual words, there lingers through the writing an unmistakable flavor of King James Version and balladry, which goes even further to give it complete individuality and to make it fascinating *per se*.

"The Happy Mountain" has one of the oldest of all plots. It relates the wanderings of a mountain boy, who feeling the stir of spring clean to the bone, gives way to it and goes off, leaving his true love behind him. In his pilgrimage he works on a farm and lives for a little time in a city; his stay in the great world without is cut short by the changing seasons and, more immediately, by the news that back home his Dena is flirting with a red-haired member of the despised Bracy family.

This Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe is by way of being a poet in his feeling for nature and more particularly in his feeling for music, as manifested in his passionate affection for a fiddle, bought with many days of hard work. He and some of his companions talk poetry, and at times I wondered how accurate Miss Chapman meant the conversations to be—that is, I felt that her mountaineers were talking like Irish peasants of the stage—but this criticism is sheer effrontery, since I have not heard Tennessee mountaineers talk on their native heath, and Mrs. Chapman has.

But if the language is poetical, there is no lack of action in the story. Waits himself is a first-class fighting man, and not one to run after a long-barreled rifle, either, when offended, but willing to use fists. The story goes quietly along to a dramatic climax, the scene in the cabin of Dena's father when out of a storm the red-headed Bracy appears looking for trouble and is well accommodated by Waits. Bracy's end seemed a little "contrived" to me, but the rascal was of no earthly use to any one and novelists have the right to kill off their villains no mater how tenacious of life the breed may be in reality.

In addition to her originality of style, Mrs. Chapman discloses a gift for looking at things through the eyes of her mountain-folk, as in her description of Waits in the city. And Waits, Dena, Bessie, Dena's sister, and the other characters of any consequence are sharply enough individualized, even if they are all of a breed. By inference I suggested that there appears to be about as much talent in "The Happy Mountain" as one has the right to look for in a first novel. I have tried to emphasize its accomplishment; since Mrs. Chapman is beginning, it is worth while to give a word or so to her promise.

Because she shows close, intelligent observation of her material and the ability to make her people real, and because her first novel is not in the remotest degree autobiographical—we have to be a little uneasy about the future of young novelists who begin by turning their eyes inward—it seems to me her promise is a large and important one.

She has said herself that her mountain people have a simple strength, self-reliance, and no self-pity; that they have fun, and are not much upset by such natural occurences as birth, death, and the like, and I believe she has got these qualities into the characters of "The Happy Mountain." I suspect that the South has added another to its quite handsome and imposing list of interpreters of life just the other side of their front door-steps.

A British Family

FAREWELL TO YOUTH. By Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert W. Marks

THE love-life has strange associations with honor, fidelity, and success; and in interpreting normal existence through its rosy and defractive medium one must be wary of a contorted picture. In this last and excessively English book, Miss Jameson has effected a saga of modern British family relationships, in which the pivotal point is a certain lithe, handsome, and overhonorable boy, around whose adolescent stage her characters weave their unconscious passions into a network of sentimentality.

The dramatic action is far from complex. Nat Grimshaw, whose sotto voice painfully mouths the hero's syllables, is a slenderly-attractive, good boy—nice, quiet, unobtrusive, and normally graced with a "charming smile." When a sophisticated and sparklingly coquettish girl asks him to fall in love with her, he does. When his country tells him to go to war, he goes. When conflicting opinions of his young bride and his forlorn, stupid, and suffering mother, dictate that he "go through hell," he bites his manly young lip and goes through hell.

An idealistic, absent-minded father who, as Prime Minister, is disgracefully recalled from office for unpatriotic pacificism, and who loves his country home and abstract thoughts more than he loves his poverty-ravished wife and son,—he and a hardened, cynical, popular, and wealthy uncle who becomes jingoistic Prime Minister in the father's place, set the essential background for Miss Jameson's story.

The story is an old one: hero, loving love through party of the first, loves sympathy through party of the second; Pandemos gives way to Uranie, and sensitive youth, bruised in Life's perennial *mêlée*, buries his throbbing head in the bosoming symbol of Mother Earth.

Unfortunately, in her development of her characters' moments of ecstasy, their intimate expressions of adoration, their tortured emotions, Miss Jameson let herself drift far out into the torrent of romanticism. Apart from their erotic and psychopathic moments, these characters seem to lead a charmed existence. Old Daniel Grimshaw, Nat's uncle, in some miraculous way held England's destiny in his grip. And because of his tawdry sentiments he deliberately led England into war. At first, Nat spurns his uncle's money because of old Daniel's lack of scruples and "gentleman's honor." Nevertheless, without visible work or occupation other than a vague "scientific interest," he manages to subsist and support a wife.

What the asexual life of Nat was . . . what his father or uncle did other than control the destiny of England . . . what Nat thought or did other than make noble gestures over his monetary and genetic persecution, is the reader's mystery.

In short, Miss Jameson has produced one more book abounding in delicate psychopathic reveries and irrelevant conversation, but one in which the art of selection approaches too closely an almost-intentional vagueness.

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Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
William Rose Benét.....*Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman.....*Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley.....*Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

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A True Seafarer Speaks

THE GREAT DAYS OF SAIL. Some Reminiscences of a Tea-Clipper Captain. By ANDREW SHEWAN, late Master of the *Norman Court*. Edited by REX CLEMENTS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

THIS is distinctly a book to be acquired and carefully treasured by all lovers of the sea and, in particular, by those interested in that period of seafaring, 1840 to 1880, so aptly named by Captain Shewan as "the great days of sail." The book is so good that it is difficult to write calmly of its merits. Many books dealing with the sea and with the life of the sailorman have appeared of late. It is plain that there is a reading public interested in them. But how few of such books reflect the true sea and the living seaman. The unbelievable ship, the mock-heroic shipmaster, the "bucko" mate, the shipowner—comical or cowardly—all aimed and headed for the films, multiply like the leaves of Vallambrosa until serious and understanding readers flee from them in despair.

In "The Great Days of Sail," Captain Shewan, a true seafarer himself, carries the interest of his readers by his obvious sincerity and restraint. A Nestor of the sea, the "Old Man" sits comfortably in his chair ashore, recalling in tranquillity the triumphs, fears, dangers, and achievements of a long and distinguished career at sea.

And what a thrilling tale he makes of it all! Early days. He calls the reader to stand with him, an urchin with the sea-fever burning within, on Blackwall Pier when heaven-sent westerlies prevail and homeward-bound tea-clippers are reported from the Downs. You cannot but point and beckon with him at the sight of a square-rigger towing up from the lower reaches, and rouse a cheer to match his own as the hard-pressed winner of a great tea race rounds-to abreast the dock.

Great days, great ships, and great the men who sailed them. Was ever any competition, short of battle, longer or more keenly sustained than the long sea race from Foochow to London Docks? What manner of men were they who withstood the constant strain of a hundred or more days of sea passage with courage enough to luff a cloud of canvas into the wind at the first ominous whistle of a tearing squall? Shewan knows, and reading the life of this quiet spoken mariner, one can vision the iron heart that made it possible. Chiefly, I admire his restraint. No self obtrudes upon the reader, although the subject matter is autobiography.

* * *

The author learns the old trade under command of his father, a tea-clipper captain of fine repute. (And I know the Peterhead breed he would be kept hard at it.) Appointed to command of the *Norman Court* at the early age of twenty-three, young Shewan lays bare his anxieties as he watches the tug that has towed him out heading back towards the land, and he realizes for the first time his great responsibilities.

> It was, I remember it well, February 28th, 1873, with night closing in and the ship standing out of Start Bay on the starboard tack, that I found myself for the first time in full charge of as fine a ship as ever sailed out of the port of London. . . . There was every prospect of a dirty night, and, as soon as we emerged from the shelter of the headland, we met a heavy sea rolling up Channel and it settled down to blow. For the next forty-eight hours I kept the deck, the glass painfully low and the wind a "dead muzzler." It enabled me to realize at the outset that a master's berth was not the bed of roses my youthful fancy had painted it.

No cinematographic "sea-dog" this. There are no "purple patches," no "blood and thunder," no "action" that would interest a movie magnate. He realizes his responsibilities and puts out—untried—into the gale with a foul glass lowering and doubtless the seamen eyeing him dubiously as he cons the tea-clipper "more heavily sparred than heavily manned" in the pitch of the Channel. How easy, in fiction, it would have been to have made a "dering-do" of it, with a jealously envious chief mate to foil and confound! But Captain Shewan has thrills enough: he can make at least this reader feel with him as he bends to meet the swift heel of his clipper in a sudden squall.

> The squall struck the ship with the suddenness and intensity almost of a solid object, caught her flat aback, and threw her almost on her beam ends. . . . The topgallant halyards had been let fly and the yards were on the cap. They were volleying like great guns, but the mainsail and crossjack, which the men were in the act of hauling up, did more. They went to ribbons and when we swung the crossjack yard to help the ship to turn on her heel, the empty bolt rope of the sail got over the main yardarm. The ship was then lying over to such an extent it was impossible to clear it. A passenger who was below assured me he found himself lying on the vessel's side, staring down through the glass of his porthole into black depths of water as though he were at the bottom, in a diving bell.

One has to examine a fairly extensive sea library in search of a book or books comparable with this. Fiction ruled out, there remain but few intimate records such as Captain Shewan's. Compared with Dana, the gallant tea-clipper captain measures somewhat less than the foremast hand. There is the same sincerity in their records, but the command of words and terse simplicity of expression that makes "Two Years before the Mast" a classic of the sea is hardly approached in "The Great Days of Sail." Lubbock's fine book, "The China Clippers," is perhaps overly statistical. Captain Clark's "The Clipper Ship Era" may be taken as the best comparison, and, in this test, Shewan suffers no discredit. Sailorlike, he distrusts specific claims—supported as they may be by log-book evidence—to extraordinary speeds of clipper ships at sea. Knowing how simple it was in a long ocean passage, with fine sailing days alternating with less favorable weather, to clip the tape as required to enhance the sailing reputation of the ship, Captain Shewan would let the passage alone speak for the ship. And, even at that, he has much to say of the character of the man in command. In the chapters "How it was not done" and "How it was," he shatters many myths of sailing prowess. Although admitting the *Cutty Sark* to have been an uncommonly fast ship, he doubts her ability to make such speeds as are credited to her. "I do not think," he says, "the *Cutty Sark* ever made a record passage, though her averages in the London-Sydney trade were equal if not better than those of any other ship."

For his adventure upon the seas of literature, Captain Shewan has chosen his pilot wisely. Mr. Rex Clements, who edits the volume, has already two good books of the sea to his credit, "A Gipsy of the Horn," and "A Stately Southerner." I envy him his contact with the "Old Man." There would be famous yarns. Perhaps another bookful.

Bits of Experience

MID-PACIFIC. By JAMES NORMAN HALL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK O'BRIEN

ONE of the finest writers about life in both common and strange places is James Norman Hall. He has chosen to live in Tahiti for some ten years past, but in that period has visited and written about such opposite poles as Iceland and Kansas. He has a vivid sense of the beautiful in nature, and in the spirit of man, and is especially sensitive to the secret excellences, the innate superiorities, and fascinating idiosyncrasies of certain uncultured people. He has a subtle humor, and an abiding sympathy that penetrate the hides of unusual folks, and relate their simple ways and naive modes of thought to those of the city and town masses, the herd of striving, flurried, afraid creatures of crowd habit and cheap convention who agitate trade, politics, and morals, and who read the false print of vast circulation.

In this book, "Mid-Pacific," his latest of a half dozen, Hall wanders in the South Seas, in middle America and under the arctic circle, and, too, in glamorous spots of some books he likes. He sums up the contents of "Mid-Pacific" in a dialogue:

> Mr. Wormley: Now *my* choice would be an island in the mid-Pacific. What a delightful place that would be for reading and writing!
>
> Mr. Throckmorton: No doubt. But my dear Wormley, do *you* write?
>
> Mr. Wormley: At times—at times—mere trifles.
>
> Mr. Throckmorton: Of what sort, may I ask?
>
> Mr. Wormley: Oh, of any sort: fancies, little fragments of experience and what not.

These essay stories are bits of experience, panes of glass let into the souls of all sorts of people, pocket-mirrors reflecting the exotic loveliness of silver beaches under the Southern Cross; pieces about wrecked ships and marooned men; and also, shrewd, humorous sights on our own home humanity. Throughout, there is acute understanding, tolerance, and comparison. The truth, as Hall sees it, is revealed artistically, with fidelity to incident and character, and yet with a wit and irony exceptional in these days.

I am often reminded by Hall of English writers of some time ago,—men who arrived at a delightful goal over a pleasant path, lit by no verbal bombs, nor made exciting by plot caltrops. His style is serene, sure, leisurely, yet with ample incident, with a full color palette, and with the poignancy inherent in the disclosure of real emotions.

And for those to whom the South Seas, the lone tropic of atoll and isle, with odd castaways and gentle, doomed natives has a particular appeal, there are, in "Mid-Pacific" pictures of surfs and sands, of reefs and palms, that are skilfully etched, so faithfully done that I, a long deserter from such scenes, saw again the exquisite valley of Typee, and heard the booming of the waves on my own beach of Atuona in the far Marquesas.

Christ in China: a Fragment

By WITTER BYNNER

THESE hands that seem mine are of wood, with painted holes in them,
These eyes are brush-strokes, and these ribs are a lie
Used to deceive bodies with pitying souls in them.
This is some later carpenter, not I.
Let me ask you quickly, young convert, let me ask you now
At this altar where you bow,
Where you listen to something carven from a tree
As many have listened to my images, never to me—
Will you hear, at last, me, through all these things,
Through all these wings,
Through all this blood and wine,
Through the hills of lightning and the crosses of thunder,
Through every other wonder
But mine?
My name was Jesus, but they call me Christ;
I sang at my carpentry, but not of pain.
My death undid me, my life had not sufficed,
I had known too little of the sun and rain.
Can a leaf grow from this crucifix long since dead—
And I be born again to a green birth?
Oh, pity me, pity me, lift my forlorn head
Up from your broken earth,
Cry to my lips with yours, lighten my eyes with yours,
Crown me with open faith, tear down my cross,
Attack and toss
Alive these limbs with wars
Against me, against all that my rotten body means
Where it leans
Dead.
With your paper prayers and incense sticks
Burn me on my crucifix.
Make songs above me with your temple gongs.
Let long processions tread me into the dust that fills
The stairways up your holy hills.
Let nothing be left of me for thought
On high T'ai-shan
Where quietly Confucius wrought
Wisdom out of watching the far sea
And man,
Let nothing be left of my intent,
Where Lao-tzu went—
Oh, tear me limb from limb
And make of me a sacrifice to him
Who knew
That a morning dew
Moves from the east over the west
To be entire wonder in some breast.
Bar me from China, me and my wounded hands
Till they have healed, and my thorns till they blossom. Let the sands
Of your desert add to my tears till there shall stand no bitter trees.
Undo
This Christ till there shall be nothing left of him but you.
And then—
Jesus begs you on his knees—
Make of me a man again!

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

CAREFUL study of the weekly Bulletin of the Summer School at Columbia University confirms our impression that no one has a better time than the Parnassians of Morningside. We understand now why the Summer School has an enrollment of 14,000 students.

If we were a Summer Student this is how we might pass away a very cheerful week:

MONDAY. At 4.30 p. m., Professor Van Hook's lecture, "The Characters of Theophrastus and their Influence." At 5.30 p. m., meeting of the Kiwanis Club. 6 p. m., New England Club cafeteria supper, card playing and dancing. 8 p. m., Excursion: *New York at Night.*

TUESDAY. Some difficulty on Tuesday afternoon. We should certainly take in the visit to the S. S. *Manuel Arnus* of the Spanish Royal Mail, but then we should have to choose between Professor Mornet's lecture "La vie d'un étudiant français à Paris" and the "Meeting of mortar board women." At 5.20 the Oklahoma Club meeting in the Barnard Cafeteria. 8 p. m., choose between Maryland Club dance and New Jersey Club dance.

WEDNESDAY. Rise early to hear Chaplain Raymond Knox (8 a. m.) on "The Reward of Toil." 1.45 p. m., Excursion: *New York by Day.* 3.30 p. m., conference on Parental Education. 4.30 p. m., Professor Snedden's lecture on "Growing Tendencies Toward Herd-Mindedness in American Social Groups." Herd melodies are sweet, as Keats said. 5.30 p. m., dinner of the Kansas Club. 8 p. m., Excursion: *New York at Night.*

THURSDAY. 3.30 p. m., choose between recital from Gluck, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, etc., conference on "Problem Solving in Algebra," motion picture "Nanook of the North," Kansas Club "get-together under the Tree" (with refreshments) and meeting of the Summer Speech Club at which Roxy will speak. 5 p. m., Georgia Club meeting under Tree (refreshments). 8 p. m., North Carolina Club dance.

FRIDAY. 12.45 p. m., Excursion: *Lower Bay and View of Ocean.* 4.30 p. m., motion picture "The Gorgon's Head." 7.30 p. m., community singing. 8 p. m., New England Club dance. Ohio Club dance.

SATURDAY. A perplexing day. If we go on the excursion to Atlantic City we miss the excursion *Circumnavigating Manhattan Island,* and the trip to the Woolworth Tower. If we join the "annual mathematics picnic" (3 p. m., tickets 75 cents) we misss the motion picture "Depths of the Sea." 8 p. m., Southern Club dance.

SUNDAY. Discussion Group: "The Philosophy of Community Organization," unless we were too sunburned after the mathematics picnic. 6.30 p. m., Catholic students get-together supper. 7.30 p. m., Evensong and Prayer (without sermon).

On Monday we should sleep late, and then tackle our books. We should remember that the University swimming pool is open daily and that "the Univeristy Press bookstore conducts a soda fountain." We like the greenwood touch of those club meetings "under the Tree," and should attend as many as possible. We observe that "the University does not cash checks."

Who was the split-infinitive philosopher who remarked that the purpose of life was "to somehow enrich the world and have a fairly good time while doing so"? Those frolic souls who have won their M. A. after several summer sessions in a modern university should certainly be masters of the genial art of living.

* * *

As an appendix to our Elizabethan studies, we learn from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach that the ejaculation *O rare!* was a current slang in its day, apparently uttered repeatedly and senselessly as such popular tags often are. (E. g. *And how!*) Some time ago, you may remember, we offered the suggestion (only as a suggestion) that the *O rare* in the famous Ben Jonson epitaph might perhaps have been a pun, doubling on the Latin *orare,* to pray. We were briskly belabored by schollards for this suggestion, but we are not convinced that it may not have happened so, either by intent or by the accident of an unlettered stonecutter.

The passage which Dr. Rosenbach points to, which (since scholars do not blush) we reprint for our Elizabethanists, is from Guilpin's *Skialetheia, or, a Shadowe of Truth:* At London, . . . are to bee solde at the little West doore of Poules, 1598.

OF CAIUS.

As Caius walks the streets, if he but heare
A blackman grunt his note, he cries *oh rare!*
He cries *oh rare,* to heare the Irishmen
Cry pippe, fine pippe, with a shrill accent, when
He comes at Mercers chappell; and, *oh rare,*
At Ludgate at the prisoners plaine-song there:
Oh rare sings he to heare a Cobler sing,
Or a wassaile on twelfe night, or the ring
At cold S. Pancras church: or any thing;
He'le cry, *oh rare,* and scratch the elbow too
To see two Butchers curres fight; the Cuckoo,
Will cry oh rare, to see the champion bull,
Or the victorious mastife with crown'd scull;
And garlanded with flowers, passing along
From Paris-garden he renewes his song,
To see my L. Maiors Henchmen; or to see,
(At an old Aldermans blest obsequie)
The Hospital boyes in their blew aequipage,
Or at a carted bawde, or whore in cage;
He'le cry, *oh rare,* at a Gongfarmers cart,
Oh rare to heare a ballad or a fart;
Briefely so long he hath usde to cry, *oh rare,*
That now that phrase is growne thin & thred-bare,
But sure his wit will be more rare and thin,
If he continue as he doth begin.

* * *

The cheerful Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well known wine merchants of Regent Street, London, have sent us their latest catalogue of "Wines, Spirits and Cigars." Wherein, among other interesting matter ("Old bottled Clarets and Burgundies should be stood upright in a warm room for some hours before decanting") we observe a page of Recipes for Bacardi Cocktails, which Messrs. H. and B. describe as "the favourite Cocktail of the Americans."

We do not believe that to be strictly accurate, though we appeal to better informed students of *mœurs.* The Bacardi, like the now demoded Bronx, remains a little too tender and ladylike for the real old leatherneck bar-fly. The familiar Manhattan and Martini, whose extreme popularity Harry Johnson's *Bartenders' Manual* commented on as far back as 1882, still hold considerable sway, especially in banking and commercial circles; but it is our impression, as a conscientious recorder of the humane comedy, that in recent years "the favourite Cocktail of the Americans" has been the Old-Fashioned.

* * *

We always read with pleasure the little *Commonwealth College Fortnightly* which comes to us from Mena, Arkansas. Commonwealth is "a school for self-maintaining non-propaganda education for workers," and there is a good hard-handed simplicity about all its doings. The problems of the summer school on the Commonwealth campus are different from those of Morningside. In the "Society Notes" we read:—

> Snakes have been bothering Mrs. Bosch. We have a number of harmless pet snakes around the campus including black snakes, king snakes, coach whips, chicken snakes, blue racers and some others. Those who have spent several seasons at Commonwealth don't pay any attention to these pets. But Mrs. Bosch comes from Minnesota and hasn't become adjusted. She thinks it terrible to find a black snake coiled behind the salt jar in the corner of the kitchen, or a king snake of five feet or more sunning himself on the mail table in our post office. They are perfectly harmless and valuable as mousers. But you can't make her believe it.

Among other notes that please us are these:—

> The dairy is again turning the surplus milk into cream cheese. Mrs. Bosch and Zeuch between them manage to put away a number each week in the rock cellar.

> Our laundress, Kate Richards O'Hare, finds the wash piling up on her during her speaking trips. However, the power washer soon disposes of it once she gets onto the job again.

We wish Commonwealth good luck in its campaign for funds. A college where there are cream cheeses in the rock cellar and the laundress goes lecturing between whiles sounds to us like a good sort of place.

* * *

We often regret that we haven't more space to mention some of the items that catch one's eye in booksellers' catalogues. In the monthly list, always interesting, put out by the Union Square Bookshops (30 East 14) we see that they have got hold of Mark Twain's drinking horn, given him in 1878 by the student fraternities at Heidelberg. This is an old friend, we have seen it in other sales catalogues before; its price has now gone up to $2,750—which is anomalous, for what could one do with a drinking horn nowadays? It was that same horn, which by the omission of a few commas, caused one of the most comic "fillers" ever printed in the *Saturday Review.* The item, as we remember it, read:—

> A beautiful specimen of the carver's art, taken from a magnificent animal about 40 inches long and about 6½ inches in diameter, among the best in Germany, curiously curved and engraved with old English script.

A number of subscribers concluded that the drinking horn must have been made of a fossilized dachshund.

* * *

A number of memoranda have accumulated in The Folder since its last ventilation. For instance, that Liam O'Flaherty's quite remarkable forthcoming book "The Assassin" is dedicated "To my creditors." O'Flaherty's "Mr. Gilhooley" never had as much attention as it deserved.—The Oxford Press has published "The Moonstone" in its much prized World's Classcs series, with a preface by T. S. Eliot who calls it "the first, the longest, and the best of modern English detective novels"; a judgment that few will contradict.—The little "Saki" books continue to make new friends for themselves, so various bookstores tell us; no one is so morose and introvert that his tonsils cannot be wrung by Saki's arsenic merriment. Once I meditated a verse about Clovis, Saki's *jeune homme terrible;* it began

They called him Clovis, I suppose,
Because he was so beastly Frank—

Perhaps the Viking Press will finish it for me.—A great news is that Simon and Schuster are actually going to publish Ernest Sutherland Bates's noble and beautiful "The Gospel According to Judas" which a few enthusiasts have tried for a dozen years to get into print.—But of all recent items, this is perhaps our favorite paragraph, from a sporting page story in *The Sun:*—

> As he climbed to the top of a hill, away in the distance loomed one of the tallest peaks of the Adirondacks, shrouded in a purple mist, with chunky white clouds drifting in a halo about its summit. The champion paused, took a deep breath, and after a moment's silence softly quoted several lines from Coleridge's Ode to Mont Blanc.

It is quite true that there are numerous lines in the "Hymn Before Sunrise" which are very appropriate to pugilism; for example, "As I raise my head, awhile bowed low, upward from thy base," and

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

But it was Mr. Jeffries who should have thought of that poem, before fighting Mr. Johnson:—

O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars.

We remarked that we knew of two men of letters who had confidence in an eventual bull market in Thoreau, and had spent $20 on a first edition of "Walden," which they are holding until the price should reach $100. Well, it's on its way up: we see a copy listed by Harry Stone, 24 East 58th Street, at $35. But even more exciting, for any Thororians in the house, the Out of Print Library Service, 1475 Broadway, lists a copy of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," the second issue of 1863, for $35. This is really interesting, because it's one of those copies (printed in 1849 but not bound until 1863) which were returned to Thoreau unsold, and which he toted up two flights of stairs to the attic. As the bookseller's catalogue amusingly says, "Kept in Thoreau's room unbound for 14 years in close association." This is one of the real oddities of American literature; if we weren't saving up to buy a piece of Long Island water-front (which also has association value) we'd plunge for it ourself.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Irish literary awards which are made in connection with the Tailteean Games are arousing considerable comment in Ireland. The prose prize for the most imaginative piece of writing during the past four years went to Bernard Shaw for his play "St. Joan," the prize in poetry to W. B. Yeats, and the prize in scholarship to Father Dineen for a Gaelic-English dictionary.

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Books of Special Interest

The New Game of Authors

SIDELIGHTS ON ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By H. DUGDALE SYKES. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.20.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. Edited by F. L. LUCAS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 4 vols. $25.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University.

THERE is a striking difference, the reasons for which might be worth seeking, in the attitude of investigators, in the United States and in England, towards the dramatic literature of Shakespeare's period. In this country, once the particular home of Baconians, the present state of mind appears to be conservative, if not incurious. Shakespeare himself, and the playwrights and theatres of his time, are surely lectured upon as much as ever, and several notably sane and thorough books have lately been produced by American specialists in the field—who, moreover, have had quite their share in the finding of new documents; but the adventuring instinct is repressed, often to the point of cynicism. It is common to hear our scholars admit that the Elizabethan soil has been worked thin, and to observe our Ph. D. candidates abandoning the supposedly well-mapped provinces of the earlier drama in search of regions more attractive to blazers of trails.

There would be nothing surprising in this were it not that during the same time Great Britain has developed the Shakespearean field into a land of wild surmise, into which are flocking an unprecedented host of questrists, each assured, it would seem, as Francis Thompson said of the Elizabethans themselves, of his ability to discover forthwith a new continent—or at least an island. And the tales which the travelers bring back sometimes strain credulity as much as they stimulate imagination.

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I am by no means seeking to discredit this interesting development, or to ignore the appearance alongside of it, and sometimes closely associated, of works of pharasaically solid scholarship, irrefutably documented and expounded. For examples of the last one has but to think of Sir E. K. Chambers's volumes on "The Elizabethan Stage," or any of Professor Pollard's bibliographical demonstrations, or of the severe accuracy of the Malone Society's publications. But the large and steady advance made in England by the disciplined learning that these works represent may at times be almost lost to mind in the interest one feels in the exploits of some of the *francs-tireurs* who skirmish about its flanks. Shakespeare and his colleagues have never before produced—not even in the days of Mr. Fleay and the New Shakespeare Society—such a cloudburst of revolutionary, empirical, and provocative theory as now seems to pervade Great Britain.

The skeptics concerning the Stratfordian Shakespeare are in better repute and number in England than in America. They continue to differ bizarrely in their conceptions of the poet's identity, but under the good-tempered deanship of Sir George Greenwood they are a hearty, well-informed, persuasive, and far from silent group. The so-called orthodox Shakespeareans also are sometimes orthodox in nothing but their acceptance of the traditional birthplace. The dates, authenticity, merits, poetic structure, and meaning of the plays have all been declared open to fundamental readjustment.

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Seated upon the Pegasus of "the New Bibliography," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Dover Wilson continue from month to month to issue new volumes in their Cambridge University edition of Shakespeare, each of which leaves the holder of conventional views torn between dismay and admiration as he contemplates the novelty, cleverness, and positiveness of the conclusions built upon the fragile hypotheses they work with. Mr. William Wells has devoted a volume to the purpose of proving "Julius Cæsar" a play by Marlowe, later revised by Beaumont. Only in the first fifty-seven lines of the first scene can he detect the hand of the well-known William. In so arguing Mr. Wells aligns himself with the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, who in his three volumes on "The Shakespeare Canon" does not hesitate to reduce to very small proportions Shakespeare's share in the composition of many of the ordinarily undoubted works.

These are but a very few illustrations of the insistent urge to reappraise and reclassify the Elizabethan dramatists which has swept post-war England like an influenza. As Dr. Johnson remarked of another literary movement: "All the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else" could unscramble dramatists. Whether we regard it as a new disease or a new science, it challenges attention and provokes a wonder that so few symptoms of the same attitude have shown themselves among us. Is this perhaps, one asks, another of the results ascribable to the cult of the Ph. D. degree in the United States, which (some say) engenders timorous intellectual habits, and makes men logical at the cost of making them dull?

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Mr. F. L. Lucas's handsome and expensive edition of Webster shows a strong bias toward the modern styles in criticism, and a closer imitation of two of the creators of these styles than is quite consistent with the duty of a scholar preparing a definitive edition. From Rupert Brooke's flamboyantly brilliant monograph, "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama" (likewise a King's College, Cambridge, production), he takes over the conception of Webster as a fabulous figure who for two or three years was a great genius and during the rest of his long career, "if not indistinguishable, entirely commonplace." It is a convenient romantic hypothesis: that the author of the "White Devil" and "Duchess of Malfi" was a phantom of delight, producing by means of Godgiven phrases "pieces of imagination one cannot explain, only admire," while the author of the rest of Webster's works was a dull dog deserving no special study; and that the imp which smiles upon impressionistic biography has thoughtfully smuggled out of reach all the records of fact.

There is just enough truth in this assumption to justify Rupert Brooke when he declares in his rather jocose little book: "We are luckily spared the exact dates of his uninteresting birth and death, and his unmeaning address and family. We have not even enough to serve as a frame-work for the elaborate structure of 'doubtless' and 'We may picture to ourselves young—' that stands as a biography of Shakespeare and others." But the lighthearted pose sits ill upon the editor of Webster's Complete Works, in four volumes, when he repeats:

> Of Webster's life we know almost nothing, less than of Shakespeare's, less than of dramatists as distant as Æschylus or Sophocles, Euripides or Seneca. And yet, in default of knowing a great deal more, we should perhaps be glad that it is so. . . It is a blank history. Of course there is one well-worn method of escape in such cases—to compose an imaginary biography instead of a real one, to sketch the period since we cannot draw the man, and in our ignorance of what he did and suffered, to expatiate picturesquely on all the soulstirring things he may have witnessed and must have known.

There is another method; namely to search diligently among the not yet exhausted sources of possible information concerning Webster's life and to give serious attention to the hints, however scanty, which await evaluation and synthesis.

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?

We suspect that Mr. Lucas has too easily persuaded himself that he must leave Webster's history as blank as he found it, and are not convinced that he has given himself the pains that the author of so pretentious a work could be reasonably expected to take. He has, indeed, come upon, and printed in a footnote, an entry in the Middle Temple Records which certifies the admission of John Webster (very probably the poet) as a member of that society in 1598.

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If Mr. Lucas gets his critical attitude from Rupert Brooke, he takes the scholarly stiffening of his edition from the interesting recent work of Mr. H. Dugdale Sykes, whose "Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama" is as favorable an example as one could well find of the new daring speculation on matters of authorship. Rupert Brooke and Sykes do not often disagree, or indeed meet on common ground, except in regard to the authorship of "Appius and Virginia," which the former assigns practically wholly to Heywood and the latter wholly to Webster. Mr. Lucas here voices his bewilderment and his compromise decision:

> Brooke, Clark, and Gray find "Appius" exactly like Heywood, at least in parts; Sykes, after years of extraordinarily minute and successful study of Elizabethan styles, sees no real resemblance at all. My own feeling, whatever it is worth, after reading through the six volumes of Pearson's "Heywood" simply from this point of view, is that part of "Appius" probably *is* Heywood's, though less than has been supposed.

(*i. e.*, by those who suppose more to be Heywood's than Mr. Lucas supposes). Now Mr. Lucas may be right in dividing "Appius and Virginia," traditionally ascribed to Webster, between the old claimant and the new; and he may be right when he follows Mr. Sykes in giving to Webster parts of "Anything for a Quiet Life" (traditionally by Middleton) and "The Fair Maid of the Inn" (one of the Beaumont-Fletcher canon). But when he prints these last two plays in his "Complete Works of Webster" and declines to print the three early plays ("Sir Thomas Wyat," "Westward Ho," and "Northward Ho") in which undisputed external *evidence* shows Webster to have collaborated with Dekker, on the ground that "Webster's contribution is of minor importance," it seems to me that he is seeking novelty at the cost of playing truant to some of the sober responsibilities of an editor.

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I would not underrate the ingenious work that Mr. Sykes and others of his faith are doing. It is clear that their methods have a value as discipline, and it can hardly be denied that they are advancing actual knowledge. But in the present state of this game of Elizabethan Authors what impresses one is the extent to which the attack has outstripped the defence. Mr. Sykes, that is, can with relative ease build up on parallels of language or peculiarities of idiom an impressive tentative case for the detection of a hitherto unsuspected author. The task of the conservatives, who would resist his claim by showing that the avouched peculiarities are not necessarily peculiar to one individual, is a slower and more tedious business. Short of being born again in the early seventeenth century and really speaking the language Shakespeare spoke, there is often no means of saying categorically whether a particular trick of expression identifies an author or merely marks a fashion.

Mr. Lucas, in short, seems to me inclined to ride other people's hobbies without thoroughly considering how far they are broken to his purposes. It is to take things rather too easily to say, "Sykes with his usual quite thoroughness has, I think, settled the authorship of the rest of the play"; or thus to dismiss arguments of the more old-fashioned sort, derived from an attempt to gauge the personal sympathies of the poet: "He (Gray) does not, however, assign the scene to Heywood, on the ground that Heywood would have been more in sympathy with the soldiers; but such arguments, I confess, are beyond me. How *can* we know?"

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The commentary in this edition is very copious and contains many notes of value, and the handling of the text appears to be excellent. The critical introductions are piquant and full of personality, but they contain a considerable number of round assertions, often involving estimates of Webster's contemporaries, which, I fear, will make the judicious grieve. Consider this, concerning Sidney's "Arcadia," from which Webster is known to have borrowed extensively:

> Sidney's is an honored name; his poetry can be superb; but his romance remains a rigmarole of affected coxcombry and china shepherdesses such as needs reading to be believed. Extracts give no conception: it must be read continously.

The challenge is easy to take up. Let any one read continuously, either the whole of the "Arcadia" in its mature form or such long passages as the death of Argalus and the story of the Paphlagonian king, which Shakespeare used in "Lear," and then regard with what tolerance he may the assumption that the romance is a rigmarole of affected coxcombry, etc. Or read "Love's Labour's Lost," with all its youthful errors on its head, and ask whether anything but excessive love of piquancy could lead one to remark of "A Cure for a Cuckold" and "Anything for a Quiet Life," in which Mr. Lucas thinks Webster sinks to his lowest:

> The plots are crazy, the characters uninviting; the plays contain a few good scenes and they are to me at least more readable than Shakespeare at his worst, say in "Love's Labour's Lost."

Or read, with reasonable detachment, the touching scenes in Fletcher's "Bonduca" which introduce the boy Briton, Hengo, and ask what sober reason there is for affirming (of Webster's, certainly charming, boy Giovanni): "Now it is ridiculous, to begin with, to class together Giovanni and the tiresome Hengo, who may be sacrificed to critical Molochs without a tear of regret." To praise Webster's Vittoria it is not necessary to affirm, "Cleopatra was as brilliant, but less queenly."

Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Nor, to justify Webster's inconsistencies, need Mr. Lucas support the perverted interpretation of a line in "Macbeth" by the arrant inconsequentiality of his footnote:

> Many critics, I know, apply "He has no children!" to Malcolm, not Macbeth. But this is surely less dramatic: it is equally obvious and indifferent to us that Malcolm, that smooth-faced nonentity, has none.

Is any real opinion intended to be conveyed by passages like the second half of the following sentence, which concludes Mr. Lucas's summary of the actual story of Vittoria Accoramboni? "Webster was able to make her story immortal by his sheer poetry; more tragic not even he could make it than the truth." It looks like a flourish. Nine pages later the author eloquently puts the idea, which I think few would deny, that Webster *has* made his Vittoria more properly "tragic" than her historical prototype. But in this latter place Mr. Lucas is asking permission "to repeat here what I have written elsewhere." If he was indeed of two minds on so fundamental a point, it would have been fair to warn the reader.

We should be grateful for this attractive edition of Webster—though gratitude might be greater if the price were less. Thanks are due the editor for the thoroughness with which he has assimilated the recent writings about Webster, for his full and clever annotation, and his pungent style. He has performed in a noticeable way those parts of his undertaking which are in the mode of 1928, and which could be performed without too austere striving after truth.

Soviet Russia

PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA. By IVY LEE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.50.

MR. Ivy Lee's book on Russia is important, of course, not so much for what is said as that Mr. Lee Ivy says it.

Similarly objective and "favorable"—as compared with anti-Bolshevik rantings—reports have been made by a variety of "Liberal" observers. Mr. Lee comes very definitely from the other camp. "Advisor to many of the largest financial interests in the world," as his publishers put it, "Standard Oil press-agent," as he has sometimes been vulgarly called, his associations, in any case, are all with big business, and his views are based on the premise that capitalism as a system must be maintained and that the prosperity and happiness of mankind rest on a fundamental regard for the rights of private property.

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Quite frankly stating this viewpoint, as he evidently stated it to the Soviet officials as well, Mr. Lee reports with admirable terseness and objectivity on the usual things it is possible for a well-introduced observer like himself to see in Russia during a brief stay there. The cure for Bolshevism, he thinks, lies in what the psychologists prescribe as a cure for grief—the "expulsive power of a new affection." The chance to enjoy higher wages and to own property might, he thinks, dull the siren song and loosen the hold of Bolshevism in so far as it has a hold on the Russian masses.

Isolation, armed intervention, propaganda in the usual understanding of the word, have accomplished nothing. The question now is: Have "the possibilities of trade relations, of banking, of commercial contacts with Russia been explored and developed to the limit?" The Russians say that they want foreign capital, but want it in order to build a Socialistic state. The Western world, "while opposing Socialism, does want the Russian people to be happy, prosperous, well-organized, good neighbors; it wants to coöperate with every factor that will lead in that direction." Such, as Mr. Lee puts it, is the dilemma, which he regards as "the supreme challenge to the business statesmanship of the world."

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Books of Special Interest

Chemical Science

THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY. By FLOYD L. DARROW. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD S. LEONARD
Yale University

FEW recent books of pandemic chemistry, books in which the science is described for the story and not as a discipline of dry laws and properties, can claim to have attained a real distinction of style or of treatment. Mr. Darrow's volume deserves merit as to style, being one of the most interesting of such texts to appear since Dr. Slosson's "Creative Chemistry" captured the land a few years ago.

The long road of the past, the step by step building up of chemical science, receive rather light treatment from Mr. Darrow. Indeed, with an apology for mentioning the alchemist at all, he hastens to modern magic, to report the latest word in progress. This book will interest many chemists because of its summaries of the more recent advances. Some of the newest contributions in the applied science are described. A few, perhaps caught on the fly from premature newspaper accounts, are somewhat over-reported as to values and future. The statement that the recent discovery of the element "illinium" by Professor Hopkins of Illinois is the only discovery of an element by an American chemist is incorrect. Mr. Darrow forgets the discovery (in 1906) of ionium by the late Dr. B. B. Boltwood of Yale.

There is an interesting chapter on Chemistry and Power in which the conclusions of the Williamstown Political Institute and of the International Conference on Bituminous Coal held at Pittsburgh receive a well deserved presentation. But Mr. Darrow appears confident that the Bergius process for liquefying coal is to solve the entire motor-fuel and petroleum question forever, whereas that imminent and serious problem merits far more attention from statesmen and scientists than it gains today. Not a few long-headed power experts would disagree with the statement that "it is a waste of time and utterly useless to lose any sleep over what we shall do in the event of an imaginary gasoline famine." Measures tending toward conservation of national resources are never a waste of time. Losing sleep to plan for the future kinetics of society may very well be good political economy.

The chapter on Chemistry and Disease, too, is a little over-sanguine. First reports of new medicinals generally are brighter and make a better news-story than those appearing after a year or two of clinical use. Not that we do not continually advance, but first claims tend to an enthusiasm a bit beyond warrant. One chapter Darrow has devoted to an excellent discussion of the rubber situation. Americans ought better to understand the far-reaching effects of British restrictive legislation (the Stevenson act). We can then realize why Mr. Edison has applied the energies of his staff to a search for rubber substitutes and why American tire companies are developing rubber plantations in Liberia.

In the main both Mr. Darrow's choice of material and the presentation are most commendable and many readers not themselves directly concerned with chemical science should find enjoyment in this book. The glamor and the romance of chemistry lie within its covers.

Into China's Past

TSENG KUO-FAN AND THE TAIPING REBELLION. By WILLIAM JAMES HAIL. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

WHEN Professor Hail chose the title for this volume, he could have had no thought of appealing to popular interest. There are probably a substantial handful of people in this country who can place the Taiping Rebellion, but the number who can place Tseng Kuo-Fan must be small indeed. Therein lies the significance of such a work as this. American and European scholars have ransacked the lockers and the lofts of the West to find every iota of historical evidence bearing upon the progress of civilization in the Occident. Nothing at all comparable has been done in the Orient. The barriers of language and the inaccessibility of material have combined to preserve intact the wall of mystery which still surrounds the East. Following the assaults of such sinologues as Wells Williams and H. B. Morse, Professor Hail has materially widened the breach which they made in that wall.

From long years of residence at Yale in China, Professor Hail learned the language and absorbed the country. He is one of the rare few who has been able to do this and to preserve a scientific attitude and a balanced judgment on things Chinese. He is thus able to turn a competent scholarship to the study of the Taiping Rebellion and of Tseng Kuo-Fan, the man who was chiefly responsible for its final suppression. The result is a most praiseworthy contribution to Chinese history, a contribution for which the Chinese, only just beginning to appreciate the value of true historical scholarship, should be as grateful as Occidental scholars.

With full sympathy for the cause of Chinese Nationalism, Professor Hail coolly removes Sun Yat Sen from his pedestal as "the Washington of China" and places thereon his own hero, Tseng Kuo-Fan. This seems a bit of a strain, for Tseng was not a revolutionary, brought into life no new political concepts, and never swerved in his loyalty to the foreign dynasty which ruled his country. Only in the matter of personal probity and nobility of character does the comparison seem justified.

The discussion of the origins, the leaders, the aims, and the character of the Taiping Rebellion is invaluable not only for itself, but for the light it throws upon the present turmoil in China. An able leader named Chu, perhaps a descendant of the Mings, burned with revolt against the Manchu domination. He found a crack-brained fanatic named Hung who was organizing bands of "God-worshippers" under the inspiration of some missionary tracts which had fallen into his hands. Chu realized that a real revolution along political lines would hardly appeal to his countrymen, but if they could be aroused by an appeal to their superstitions, there was a chance of success. Chu and Hung proclaimed themselves joint emperors, Hung attending to the visions, while Chu did the real work of organization.

The movement met with the most astonishing success, less because of its inherent strength than because of the paralytic weakness of the existing régime. It swept up through South China to the Yangtse, established its capital at Nanking and sent its armies north to within a few miles of Peking. Just what might have happened if Chu had lived, we can never know, for he was taken prisoner and executed, leaving the movement he had organized in the hands of the group of radical fanatics surrounding Hung. They enjoyed for nearly a decade the fruits of the success Chu had won for them, but were finally overthrown by the imperial armies under Tseng Kuo-Fan.

The parallels with the present Nationalist movement are obvious. We are not even surprised to find that the officers of the Taiping army, right down to the corporals, were instructed in the art of propaganda and were required to spend much of their time in making clear to their soldiers and the people the tenets for which the Taipings stood. There is much significant analogy too, in the attitude of the foreigners toward the rebellion. Many of them, especially among the missionaries, were urgent in their demand that the Taipings should be recognized as the government of China. A more conservative attitude prevailed, however, and foreign sympathy, in the face of Taiping excesses, finally swung to the Manchu side. Many foreigners, including Frederick Ward and Chinese Gordon, played a part in suppressing the rebellion, though Professor Hail effectually disposes of the theory that it was the foreigners who were responsible for its failure. That was due to the excellent work of Tseng Kuo-Fan and his Chinese volunteer armies.

Professor Hail has given us a book which will be a delight to the scholar and bring a flood of light to the more casual student of Chinese affairs. In bringing trained scholarship to bear upon Chinese history he joins a short but highly honorable succession.

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The Art of the Book in Italy

By Franco Ciarlantini

IN speaking in the United States of America of the Italian art of the Book, my task is made easier by the thought that you already have here in America over 14,000 volumes printed in the fifteenth century, and that you have been able to secure twenty copies of the Polifilo by Aldo Manuzio and five by San Girolamo from Ferrara. America thus has evidence in a thousand documents, that the merit of bringing the book to beauty belongs to Italy.

It might have been expected that by substituting typographical decoration for the patient and painstaking workmanship of amanuenses and the precious work of the illuminators, a book would loose the beauty which the manuscript possessed. It might have seemed that the printing press was nothing but a practical discovery, a revolution in speed, having an indefinite potentiality of output, but not taking into account the artistic values and the aspiration to beauty which have formed the very substance of the Italian soul throughout all epochs. But the result, in fact, was a union of art and technique, of spirituality and practicality, and it was out of this union that grew a veritable typographical glory in Italy—a glory with which Italy may be more than satisfied without disputing the one-time mooted question as to the priority of the mechanical invention.

Italy grants to Germany, without envy or jealousy, her contribution to civilization of the movable printing types, as well as the merit of having sent to our Peninsula her master printers. The first printed books that appeared in Italy were almost all printed by Germans established in Venice, Rome, Naples, and some smaller cities. But the Italian book has had, since the very beginning, a special character of its own which can be very easily recognized.

This is due to the fact that the German master printers, while introducing among us the technical knowledge of typography, at the same time acquired from us a spirit that transformed their work and made them artists. In the Italian climate typography had to superimpose upon its utilitarian purpose an esthetic appearance. And thus a marvellous concurrence of little things, an imperceptible transformation wrought by minute innovations, all worked together to render the book beautiful.

While in the beginning there was a kind of compromise or rather, we may say, a fruitful collaboration between the new and old period, between the printer and the hand worker, yet for the latter the privilege of decorating the pages, and especially the initials, was reserved.

But the beauty of the first Italian books cannot be attributed to this alliance of machine and intelligence. The books "Cicero" and "Lattanzio di Lubiaco" are real works of art, like the Venetian paleotypes of Jenson and Vindelio da Spira, as well as the Neapolitan ones by Morovo. These are works of art in the strictly typographical sense, without taking into account the beauty of ornaments and illustrations. Italian influence permeates the taste of the artists while at the same time the beginning of Humanism molds its gradual development.

From the carefully studied proportions between the margin of the sheet and the symmetry of its typographic body, from the clever combinations of the color, tones, and the ink (at times warmer, at other times colder), from these minute elements which give an idea not only of the very painstaking mosaical work involved, but of the infinite love with which the new art was practised from its beginning, there stands out something comparable to one of those simple architectural orders of which Leonardo said it was easier to produce one than to define the essence. "Those well accomplished and perfect works seem the product of heaven, and you do not even wish to inquire as to how they were made."

To the esthetic value of the mechanical discovery, some purely foreign types have contributed. Also, it is not too much to say that an element in the substantial superiority of the Italian book may be accounted for by the beautiful papers produced in Italy.

On this point it is well to remember what Brignet wrote in his wonderful book, "Papier et Filigranes": "Italy competes with Spain not in the priority of the invention but in the manufacture of the paper 'occidente'." More fortunate than her rival, Italy has been able to develop her industry considerably and to maintain it in prosperity for many years.

Since that time Italy has obtained very beautiful papers into which the types do not become deformed, but seem to rest lightly, maintaining all the tone of the ink. In these delicate shades and in an exquisite nicety of size lies the secret which made of the printed book a work of art no less than a painting or a statue or one of those marvels of jewelry which form another glory of Italian genius.

The most important of the great technical changes was the adaptation to the printed book of the Roman alphabet which even at present is used by the most civilized peoples, and which, because of its clearness, logically imposes itself on the peoples who have not yet adopted it. The printers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries studied the codes and derived the types therefrom. Such was the manner in which Schweinheim and Pannartz obtained their types. Lattanzio got his from the codes in the lower case in Carolina which existed in the library of the Benedictine Monastary. The French Jenson, from the Alta Marna, deduced his magnificent "rotondi" and his "lapidari" from many specimens of humanistic writings which abounded in Venice; in fact, all the foreign printers who had been called to the Italian courts found in Italy a mine of types which they exploited.

Our "risorgimento" had already at that time created esthetic exigencies of a much higher order. The purely mechanical book, that is, the book printed with the sole object of working fast, economically, and producing in large numbers, could not be well accepted in the new atmosphere of refinement in which artists and doctors are striving to give expression to a higher form of life, not only in thought but in actual practice.

And precisely on account of this idealistic fervor, and because of the fact that Italy offered so many marvelous models to all who had eyes to see and an open soul to appreciate, the foreign artists found there the instruments which were necessary for their own perfection.

We have impressive evidence of the influence of the code on the birth and development of the artistic book. But we must add that this influence was not only natural but inevitable because of the vigorous impulse that the writing of the codes had already received in Italy and which surpassed even the impulse given by miniatures. The amanuenses had already nationalized their writing by creating the semi-gothic letter with soft and elegant curves. This letter, which appeared in Tuscany in the fourteenth century and later became more refined and modernized until it became assimilated into the Carolina, represented a model prepared in anticipation of the typographical types. This letter was in fact clearer and more restful than the real Gothic which had in itself that blinding contrast of very fine and very heavy strokes which brings the various letters too close together and implies too great a number of abbreviations. It was very natural, therefore, that the semi-gothic letter harmonized better with the serene, artistic, Italian ideals and was therefore adopted by the Italian typographers.

Upon considering these facts, we are logically forced to conclude that the printing press not only surpassed but absorbed the art of writing, incorporating and spiritualizing the mechanical and industrial process. Typography as it was understood and practiced in Italy represented in this sense a marvelous union of the tool of the brain, of the dynamic force of the machine, and of human sentiment. It is impossible to examine the manuscript of the Mediceo-Laurenziana of Florence which gave so much love and spirit to Guido Biagi, without thinking of those flowery Venetian printers with German names but Italian souls, who produced, for instance, "L'Appiano of 1477," one of the best made books wrought by Italian printers and one which must be considered as a marvelous imitation of the manuscript of the Sinibaldi School.

Here in New York, in the splendid library of Henry E. Huntington, exists a perfect specimen of the Appiano. Perhaps it would be sufficient to show this book to convince anyone that there really exists a typographical art born in Itatly and nourished on what the Italian copyists left as witness to their deep love for the humble and superb work to which they devoted their lives.

It is this art of the copyist which fired the spirit of the printer as soon as printing was adopted in Italy. And once started on this road the printing press had necessarily to produce, in the century which followed its origin, works of invaluable refinement. The impulses in this direction were gradually multiplied up to that decisive one given by the illustrators, which added to the book all the gracefulness and all the elegance which had already made the manuscript so graceful. Even in this special matter Italians greatly differed from the foreigners. In fact, Italians understood that the printed book could not be illustrated in a miniature fashion and that the mechanical transformation, although utilizing the traditional values, imposed a decorative transformation, while the foreigners, up to the time when Dürer applied his genius to the book, maintained themselves rigidly bound to miniature.

The prevalence of an architectural concept in decorating the book contributed much to the preëminence of Italian typography, which is completely based on proportions.

The decorative harmony of the "Polifilo" of S. Girolamo of Terenzio was possible because the Italian illustrators kept themselves within just limits, did not invade fields which did not belong to them and thus restrained themselves from excesses.

It is an easy matter to establish the relationship between the Gothic, which is all purity of strokes, and the so-called "flamboyant" Gothic, in which the decoration squeezes the line. And this Gothic, a foreign importation became serenely Italianized in Florence, in Siena, and in Orvieto, and in its severe and slightly rude spirit of architectural Romanic cannon, the harmonious vision of the school of Pisano was born. Sober and chastized, this beautification of the book assumed in Italy a very particular and absolutely superior artistic character.

The beginning of the art of printing must be considered in this fashion in order to understand its character. And in this light its revocation is no longer a simple pleasing flight of thought along the time paths of which has passed; it may not either, perhaps, be called a study in science, but it is at least a scholarly and enchanting pass-time.

Spanish Drama

FOUR PLAYS. By Serafin and Joaquin A. Quintero. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Jane Dransfield

THESE four comedies of the Quintero brothers, who work always as co-authors, if not the best of their one hundred and fifty or so plays, are at least representative of the delicate art of the Spanish dramatists. On the surface this art appears so simple that to the uninitiated it may seem scarcely to deserve the designation. The stories are of the slightest texture. "The Women Have Their Way" relates how the gossip that a young man has fallen in love with a certain beautiful young woman precipitates the fact. In "A Hundred Years Old" Papa Juan invites his numerous friends and relatives to his hundredth birthday party. "Fortunato," a picaresque farce, tells how a poor but worthy fellow at last finds employment. In "A Lady From Alferqueque" a lady living in Madrid offers hospitality to all who come from her home town, so great is her love for the place of her birth. Of such frail material the Quinteros build their dramatic structures. The wonder is the skill with which they do so. Their power of exact observation enables them to build firmly and neatly. With stroke upon stroke of vivid detail, people, places, events, take on that rare illusion of reality that evinces true art. And since the *locale* is Andalusia, all the charm is present of white walls, cool, clean patios, gardens lilting with gay flowers, and human life lived with infinite leisure, formal dignity, and exquisite tenderness.

From the Quinteros come no dark pictures, no philosophy of flux, no intricate soul searchings. All is clear as the sunshine, and rhythmic as splashing fountains. At times the sentiment is over sweet, but this fault is out-balanced by the pervasive humor of characterization. As pictures of the domestic life of southern Spain the Quintero plays are of intrinsic value. It is a delight to read them, and were they more often produced upon our American stage they would add not only a pictursque note, but a welcome *nuance* in artistry and content. One could not wish, moreover, a better translation than that given here by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker.

The Saturday Review says:

The Dodd, Mead imprint, incidentally, has long been a pretty good hallmark in detective and mystery stories. When you see one with that publisher's name on the back you can usually depend upon it. Somewhere in the editorial offices of that firm is some hard-faced Legree who Understands. He knows the rather exacting requirements of us

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Points of View

Shaw's "Guide"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The recent review in your columns of Mr. G. B. Shaw's new book by the eminent Mr. Laski (or is it Dr. Laski?) brings to my mind an interesting question. Is the duty of your magazine discharged,—or, for that matter, is the duty of any general review without special axes to grind, discharged,—by printing only one criticism of a highly controversial book, whether this criticism be favorable or unfavorable? In this case, Mr. Laski's remarks are highly favorable, with a hasty gliding over the most obviously weak points of the Shavian invective. Does that close the matter, so far as your columns are concerned? Is there to be no public rebuttal in your pages on the advent of so important an event as a new book by the best advertised of living authors?

For, Mr. Laski to the contrary notwithstanding, this current "Guide to Capitalism and Socialism," cunningly thrown at the heads of "intelligent" women, carries conviction, I should say, only to those without convictions of their own, and those already in the same camp. One does not have to be a "great economic logician" to suspect the glittering web which the artful old spider has spun in these closely written pages. One does not have to be "a hireling of Wall Street," or even an admirer of capitalism to get a good laugh out of the doctrine of equality of income. Equality of income is just about as reasonable as equality of literary output,—that is, if we do not forget the "saving common sense" with which your reviewer graciously dowers Mr. Shaw. Not that the refutation of the Shavian dialectic is by any means child's play. Socialism could have no more crafty advocate than George Bernard, who can come as near making black appear white as any author alive. But there must be many men in this country (Oh, yes, and "intelligent" women, too) who can pierce the many holes in Mr. Shaw's armor.

To get back for a moment to the amiable G. B. S., I should like to see some reviewer, with a little iron in his soul, take a shot at the "Guide to Capitalism and Socialism," and gently kid its venerable author all over the lot. For that matter, there is overdue now a book joyously exposing all—or at least some—of the endless mental quirks, the egoistic self-display and self-advertising, the cast-iron nerve of the famous Irishman. How long must we wait before some bold man rises to aver that the various play prefaces are one of the major atrocities of modern English prose? If this doesn't appear shortly, I shall be tempted to try it myself.

Meantime, what a commotion this book should raise in the women's clubs! And what a pity that Mr. Shaw never took up poker!

HAROLD W. DORN.

South Miami, Fla.

Begging the Question

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I invite attention to another occurrence of that variant of begging the question, which seems to be a favorite with those who, for one reason or another, can see no side but their own, to any argument?

In an otherwise interesting review of the "Early Life of Walter Hines Page" in your issue of 19th May, the writer, in his anxiety to insert his personal opinion as to the demerits of our entry into the late war, dismisses all otherwise minded with an airy gesture "as everyone knows, there are two views, etc." In other words, no one is anyone who does not admit that Page was *wrong and Wilson right.*

No one can object to a writer holding and expressing any opinion that suits him, but he should not dispose of adverse opinion by ignoring its existence. And the use of a smug phrase such as that employed, or the equally common "of course," is unworthy of anyone beyond the sophomore stage of thinking.

After all, the real use of a book review is to enable a reader to judge what is in the book and not to use the book as a text on which to hang a smart essay.

In that same issue is a comment from a correspondent in reference to the spirit of a recent story called "MEAT," which furnishes an illustration of the extent to which vague thinking based on limited information becomes articulate in type at the present time. Both the author of the book in question, in the choice of title and his inference therefrom, and the correspondent who comments on his sermon, seem to be utterly unaware of the real meaning of what the latter refers to as St. Paul's "formula." It seems advisable that these writers devote a little time to a study of St. Paul's letters, instead of distorting his words to place him in the position of inspirer of the prohibitionist, a person with whom I have as little patience as they.

It is hard to conceive of two attitudes more in contrast, than that of the man of such strict conscience that he avoided in his actions, even that which he deemed harmless lest in any way his example should hurt weaker consciences, and that of the other, who wishes to constrain all by force of law, to what he considers proper conduct. It would be amusing were such ignorance not pathetic, to read that St. Paul's (prohibition) formula runs counter to a fundamental law necessary to man's spiritual development.

Has not the lady undertaken a rather large order in abolishing Paul so summarily? I advise that she devote some study (with a teacher if necessary) to finding out what the Apostle really advocated, and she may discover that the early Christian Fathers were not so ignorant of fundamental laws of nature and spiritual development as are some of their bigotted followers today.

HENRY WELLES DURHAM

Managua, Nicaragua.

A set of the Tibetan classics, the Kandjor and the Tandjor, 316 volumes, printed from blocks five hundred years old, has just been received by the Library of Congress. The books were found by the Chinese scholar, Dr. Joseph F. Rock, in a camasery in Choni, Western Kan-su.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 39. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric imitating the mood and manner of Mr. A. E. Housman. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th St., New York City, not later than the morning of August 13.)

Competition No. 40. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the coolest Song for a Very Hot Day. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of August 27.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH COMPETITION

FIFTEEN dollars in prizes were offered for acceptable new words designed to fill serious gaps in the everyday language of educated people, the standard of acceptability to be determined by (a) usefulness, (b) euphony, and (c) the validity of derivations suggested.

There were fewer good entries than usual and certainly fewer than this competition deserved. For various reasons it has seemed best to divide the prize on a basis of points as follows:

THE PRIZEWINNING WORDS

1. The widest gap in civilized English is the lack of a singular for "they"—a common gender personal pronoun which will denote either sex, and do away with the necessity for the inaccurate masculine or the clumsy "he or she," "his or her," and "him and her." The once suggested "thon" is not flexible enough. The needed invention should be declinable. Let me suggest: nom., *dey;* poss., *deir;* obj., *dem.* Example "Let every student bring deir notebook with dem." Thus by merely lifting the tongue a fraction of an inch, the varied dental converts the ungrammatical plural into a perfectly respectable singular. How one might enjoy using such a word. If *dey* only will.

HOMER M. PARSONS.

2. *Aridist.* Needed to indicate a dry extremist or fanatic on the subject. Stronger than *dry.*

GEORGE W. LYON.

3. *Frillifritter,* Verb, or *Frillifritterer, Noun.* To waste time (or one who wastes time) on little details or non-essentials.

GEORGE W. LYON.

4. *Bigenders.* Title for those eager for the main chance in everything. HENRY CHARLES SUTER.

5. *Glummist.* Title for many of our modern literary pessimists.

HENRY CHARLES SUTER.

Messrs. Parsons, Lyon, and Suter will each receive a cheque for five dollars.

The most entertaining list was Mr. Parson's. After his first very sensible suggestion (dey, dem, deir—which words would be particularly useful to people who conduct competitions, if to nobody else) he let his journalistic self run away with the rest of him. But I liked *Itolatry* (which explains itself), *Puffhooter* (one who gives loud expression to deir inflated ideas), *Twittle* (to ridicule, especially by inference), *Wowserism* (the philosophy or political program of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals—the word is derived from the Anzac *wowser* [*a killjoy*]), and perhaps best of all, *Ubgl,* which interjection Mr. Parsons offers to the comic-strippists as an alternative to POW! and BAM!

Janet Belash deserves mention because *she found some serious gaps.* But *Nepokids* for nephews and nieces, *Sisbiren* for brothers and sisters, and *Promate* for future husband or wife (condensed from promised mate) were all uncomfortable. Her *Wangle* and *Woozy* are both words already in daily use. Nor could I quite see Paul Hoeber's *Deprove* as the opposite of improve. George W. Lyon's *Aqualac* seems to me to deprove on milk and water which it proposed to replace; his Vaadist (a pronounced Wet, from the Danish) was better. There was also something to be said for H. C. Suter's *Enfarcement,* a word citing the typical way some laws are being enforced.

But not many of these words, not even the winning ones, really satisfy the three conditions announced by the competition.

The following poem—The Man with the Hoe, as Swinburne might have written it, was one of the best in a recent competition.

Formed and fashioned of earth,
Of her conceived and begun,
Bearing the mark of thy birth,
Thou and thy mother are one. . . .
All her dark furrows chanting together proclaim aloud,
"This is my son. . . .

"Bent his neck to my yoke
He must sweat, yea, and bleed.
Mine the axe and the stroke
His need is my need.
This, this is the heritage heavy of my chosen sons
Who are my seed.

From the decree of fate
He hath no avail
Of my fibre create
He shall strive with me ever and fail
He shall labor from sunrise to sunset and be smitten of rain
And of hail.

When at last light is fled
Over the rim of the west,
Best to me is his head
Fain his eyelids of rest,
Then in night and in darkness I gather my weary son
To my breast, etc., etc.

S. B. COALE.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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"One of the little things a new-comer to London never forgets," says *John O' London's Weekly,* "is the thrill of coming unexpectedly, in some quiet sidestreet, on a blue or red tablet set high in the wall, telling him that Garrick, or Benjamin Franklin, or Heine, or some other famous person, 'lived here.' There is room for many more such reminders, and I hope, therefore, that the British Drama League's plan to commemorate Thomas Hardy's association with the Adelphi will not rest where it is. The League is placing on the wall of its library at 8, Adelphi Terrace, a panel stating:—

Thomas Hardy, O.M. The first floor of 8, Adelphi Terrace, was formerly the office of Mr. (afterwards Sir) A. Blomfield, and here Thomas Hardy, aged 22-27, was in his employment as an architect in the years 1862-67. Here he saw the Embankment being built and wrote some of the poems that were to be published many years afterwards. His seat was by the easternmost window of the front room."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

LEARNING AND LEADERSHIP. By *Alfred Zimmern*. Oxford University Press. $2.

COLLECTED PAPERS OF HENRY BRADLEY. With a Memoir by *Robert Bridges*. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

Biography

RHODES, A LIFE. J. G. McDONALD. McBride. 1928.

"He stood upon the Cape Peninsula and his shadow fell upon the Zambesi." One by one the friends of Rhodes, as they have felt old age coming on them, have hastened to set down their say about him before it should be too late. Mr. McDonald, one of the few survivors of that devoted band, has now added his to the rest. It is, like the others, an apologia rather than a history, but that makes no difference. It is badly written too, but that makes no difference either. Rhodes's friends were all men of action and far from literary, but these biographies, so awkward, so anxious, so laborious, so faithful to him and so jesuitical about his faults and failures, are not his least impressive memorial. Their value is not in themselves, however, but in the certainty that they will one day supply priceless material to his final chronicler, who will be some epic novelist of the future, and neither a Maurois nor a Ludwig at that.

Then, at last, we shall have a whole picture of the titanic worker and dreamer, the patriot-evangelist preaching and living a latter-day Beatitude, "Blessed are the workers, for they shall earn their rest." We shall see the prodigy, at twenty-odd, conducting immense financial operations at the Kimberley diamond mines while in residence as an undergraduate at Oxford, and becoming, but few years later, no mere multi-millionaire, but Prime Minister of the Cape Colony into the bargain, and Managing Director of the Chartered Company of Rhodesia, which meant virtual government of the vast territory to the northward that bore his name. And lastly, we shall see the great scene of his burial at the young age of forty-nine, on the heights of the Matopos, with thousands of Matabele warriors drawn up behind their chiefs, passing from man to man the words, "My Father is dead," until the hills and sky were filled with their voices.

Surely this tremendous man will one day inspire a work of art as enduring as his own work which made the barren desert yield and set many men fruitfully laboring there. "Let them own the land they live on and go to church upon the mountainsides," he used to say, and his mind beheld a vision of free and prosperous and educated men and women covering the infinite landscape with their homes from Table Bay to the edge of the Congo. And being color-blind, the black man and the white man were equal in his sight.

The best would be that a Boer should write that final record, but whoever does it will find Mr. McDonald's book a most valuable source from which to draw.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK. By *James Alton James*. University of Chicago. $5.

STEPHEN LANGTON. By *F. M. Powicke*. Oxford University Press. $5.

THEIR MAJESTIES OF SCOTLAND. By *Thornton Cook*. Dutton. $6.

Drama

THE PATRIOT. By ALFRED NEUMANN. *Adapted by* ASHLEY DUKES. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

In a letter to a friend, since given to the public, George Bernard Shaw defines his theory of stage technique: "The beginning and end of this business from the author's point of view is the art of making the audience believe that real things are happening to real people." On the Continent "The Patriot" has been hailed as a great play, and is still performed. In England, although adapted by Ashley Dukes, it won only a moderate success. In New York last spring, in spite of our best talent in stage design and production, it failed dismally in a week. This failure puzzled many. Technically it is what is called a well made play. The action has suspense, there is colorful atmosphere, some cleverly devised scenes, and a pathetic story, based on history, of mad Paul, the moron son of the great Catherine of Russia, who is put to death by her minister Count Pahlen in the interest of the Russian people. This writer missed seeing "The Patriot" on the stage. A reading of the published play reveals, however, the secret of its failure here. Harking back to the Shaw quotation, there is little in the play to convince our audiences that "real things are happening to real people." The characters, with the exception at times of the mad Paul, are wooden, never rising into humanness. They are merely mouth pieces of plot structure. The dialogue is uninspired. The suicide of Count Pahlen at the end is a mere stage trick, done for effect. In spite of elaborate introductions to the volume by Willem Van Loon and Gilbert Gabriel, stressing the historical aspects of the play, the text itself leaves neither the impresion of good history, nor great drama. It is a work of neither imaginative or factual truth. The best than can be said of it is that it is good craftsmanship.

FIVE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMEDIES (World's Classics). Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

SOPHOCLES' KING ŒDIPUS. *A Version by William Butler Yeats*. Macmillan. $1.50.

SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE (World's Classics). Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

SWINDLERS AND ROGUES IN FRENCH DRAMA. By *Hilda Norman*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Fiction

THE EMPEROR FALLS IN LOVE. By OCTAVE AUBRY. Translated by HENRY LONGAN STUART. Harpers. 1928.

Effectively to handle the vast throng of figures that inevitably crowd the broad canvas of an historical novel is a task not without difficulty. Most of the characters in this type of fiction must of necessity be mere shadows, impinging boldly for a moment on the reader's attention—one salient characteristic mentioned, one link with the principals indicated. Octave Aubry possesses both the above gift and a sound dramatic instinct, the two prime requisites in an author of the historical novel.

First of all, the translation of "The Emperor Falls in Love" is excellent. Mr. Stuart has, by his carefully chosen idiom, preserved the dashing, vigorous manner of the Frenchmen, and the spirit of the turgid neo-classicism of the years following upon the Revolution: when the painter David designed for Barras a dress of ceremony—"a long frock of purple velvet, a mantle stiff with embroidery and lined with white satin attached to his shoulders by gold cords, a vast tri-colored sash, and a cap over which long ostrich plumes drooped and nodded"; when one invoked in daily speech the shades of classical antiquity—Brutus, Cincinnatus, Cato; when table decorations consisted of huge allegorical set pieces of a similar classical flavor—Hercules and the Hydra in nougat. In all this flashy monarchico-democratic society of the period, the shy shabby figure of the little Corsican general of artillery is out of place. Napoleon, with his vast dreams of glory and empire, forced to tell fortunes, to stoop to intrigue with the mistresses of men he despises!

A few months after his first victory over the counter-revolutionists in Paris, he has replaced the inefficient Scherer at the head of the army in Italy.

Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, the Austrians separated from the Piedmontese, Italy thrown open, the king of Sardinia imploring peace! And all this in twenty-seven days.

Meanwhile impassioned scrawls go to his wife by every post, by every available messenger. At last, Josephine is prevailed upon to leave her beloved Paris for Milan. She, the selfish, flighty woman of the world, has never understood this torrential, blazing passion—the passion of some god—with which Napoleon overwhelms her. Infidelity heaped upon infidelity, negligence upon negligence, throw him back into himself.

We take leave of him in Egypt, steeling himself to recover from the appalling blow of the full realization of Josephine's long-suspected unworthiness.

For a moment, on his hard road, he had believed that glory and love both stretched out their hands to him. He had marched too quickly, perhaps. Love had not followed him. But faithful glory was still at his side. It was enough for him; some men are born for solitude."

PROFANE EARTH. By HOLGER CAHILL. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

Here is a first novel that is neither showy nor facile. It is written without side-glances at the self-conscious and imperfect sophistication of the times. Effort of will is sometimes visible and there are stretches in the novel where the effort is unachieved. But it is all honest work done under the direction of an artist's conscience. Its successes are solid and of the first quality. Its imperfections seem to be due chiefly to an unsure selection of material.

It is notable that the author does himself justice or violence, according to his choice of subject. There are five books in the novel; three based on country life and picaresque adventure in the Middle West, two on what used to be called "bohemian life." Perhaps the emotional experiences upon which the last two seem to have been founded have not ripened yet; or it may be that Mr. Cahill suffers from a fundamental want of sympathy with less robust persons than the country folk and the casual workers he presents with such assurance and skill in the first three books. At all events, the country wins over the city by a long shot.

Expertness in dialogue—in letting people speak for themselves without prompting, that gives us the humbler folk of the novel very much in the flesh, fails when the artificial takes the stage. Writing of these more or less factitious personalities, American artists and intellectuals, relaxes the author seriously. Much of the last two books is so blurred with essays in opinion that we can hardly make out the features of the hero through the studio smoke, and for the life of us we cannot be interested in the others.

But here is a lad herding cattle with a neighbor's daughter and discerning fearfully in his employer the attitude of the adult mind that has ruined many an idyll of the age of puberty; here is an auction sale that is a classic of country tragedy; here are sailors and a divinity student going down the line in a lake port, a quarrel among alki stiffs in a jungle, harsh living with a railway extra gang, a clean-up by State bulls on the houses of convenience in Bucktown, a landlubber's first voyage in an ore-boat, a season of book-agenting for and with typical shysters of the good old selling game. Much of the novel is vigorously and finely cut out of hard material like this. As picaresque writing, the third book of the novel holds its own with the best that has been done for this rich field of American life. If "Profane Earth" had ended with this book it would have been wholly successful.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

TALES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (World's Classics). Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

FRENCH LEAVE. By *E. A. E. Somerville* and *Martin Ross*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SHORT NARRATIVES. Edited by *Paul M. Fulchir*. Century. $1.50.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS. By *Carroll John Daly*. Clode. $2.

THE SHADOW OF THE IROQUOIS. By *Everett McNeil*. Dutton.

THE LIVELY PEGGY. By *Stanley J. Weyman*. Longmans. $2.50.

RED IVORY. By *Walter Hall Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

GOLDEN RAIN. By *Owen Rutter*. Longmans. $2.50.

ADVENTURE. By *Rosita Forbes*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

HILLTOP IN THE RAIN. By *James Saxon Childers*. Appleton. $2.

WILDERNESS HOUSE. By *Foxhall Daingerfield*. Appleton. $2.

JOHN REED. By *Edward C. Washburn*. Grafton.

THE SEIGNEURS OF LA SAULAYE. By *Johnston Abbott*. Macmillan. $2.50.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. By *Patricia Wentworth*. Lippincott. $2.

THE SECRET OF MOHAWK POND. By *Natalie Sumner Lincoln*. Appleton. $2.

PERISHABLE GOODS. By *Dornford Yates*. Minton Balch. $2.

ESCAPE ME NEVER. By *John Presland*. Appleton. $2.

ECHO. By *Shaw Desmond*. Appleton. $2.

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS. By *William Fryer Hardy*. Dutton. $2.50.

APPLETON'S MODERN ATLAS. Edited by *George Philip* and *W. R. McConnell*. Appleton. $4.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO. By *Rudolph Fisher*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE DEVIL. By *Alfred Neumann*. Knopf. $3.

THE MASTER OF REVELS. By *Richard Howard Watkins*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE LADY ZIA. By *Patrick Wynnton*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

PENELOPE'S WEB. By *Harriet T. Comstock*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE MAN WHO KILLED FORTESCUE. By *John Stephen Strange*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE BLACK HEART. By *Sydney Horler*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE HERETIC OF SOANA. By *Gerhart Hauptmann*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

TWELVE MEN. By *Theodore Dreiser*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

THE WAY OF UME. By *Edith A. Sawyer*. Rudge.

HOW TO GET RID OF A WOMAN. By *Edward Anthony*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

NEW GRUB STREET. By *George Gissing*. Introduction by *Morley Roberts*. Dutton. $2.50.

APRON STRINGS. By *May Freud Dickenson*. Macaulay. $2.

SHOW GIRL. By *J. P. McEvoy*. Simon & Schuster.

THE LITTLE SISTER. By *Hector Malot*. New York: Cupples & Leon. $1.50 net.

GETTIN' IN SOCIETY. By *George Blake*. Harpers. $2.

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER. By *Captain Theodore Canot*. Translated by *Malcolm Cowley*. A. & C. Boni.

History

THE STREAM OF HISTORY. By GEOFFREY PARSONS. Scribners. 1928. $5.

Mr. Parsons has assumed a task that is regarded by some as extremely difficult and by others as entirely impossible. All things considered, he has acquitted himself well. He has attempted to give within the brief space of a few hundred pages an account of the history of man and, at the outset, it should be understood that this book is not a history of men. Man collectively is the hero of the book, and his story is related clearly, succinctly, and without bias.

This is an age of synthetic histories and most of them, alas, have been failures either because the main thread of the narrative has been lost in a multitude of detail, or because their authors have possessed a rather meagre knowledge of their subject. Such charges, however, cannot be brought against Mr. Parsons. He has observed a fortunate scheme of elimination and has shown that he possesses a knowledge that is thorough and balanced. One of the happiest characteristics of the book is the just proportion of pages assigned to each age of man—a fact which conveys to the reader a true sense of the passage of time. One might question the value of such a work for use in the more advanced courses in our schools and colleges, but for the general reader it is very likely the best of its kind.

THE ROMAN WORLD. By *Victor Chapot*. Knopf. $6.50.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY UNDER SIR EDWARD GREY. By *Count Max Montgelas*. Knopf. $2.25.

A HISTORY OF LLOYD'S. By *Charles Wright* and *C. Ernest Fayle*. Macmillan. $10.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By *G. G. Coulton*. Macmillan.

THE COMMERCE BETWEEN THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND INDIA. By *E. H. Warmington*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

DAYS AND DEEDS IN THE OREGON COUNTRY. By *John B. Horner*. Portland, Oregon: Gill.

THE STORY OF HUMAN PROGRESS. By *Leon C. Marshall*. $3.50.

Juvenile

MRS. CHATTERBOX AND HER FAMILY. By LOUISE CONNOLLY. Macmillan. 1927.

Mrs. Chatterbox chatters so effectively and to such purpose that book review columns are having a hard time deciding just where to place her. Doubtless reviewers in the day of Emmy Lou went through the same struggle. The books are not similar in any way except just this one, that nobody dares label them strictly adult or strictly juvenile. We can think of no adult except Mr. Scrooge who would not thoroughly enjoy the book, and we are quite certain that it has enough action and humor to entertain a child ten years old.

A book about a child is surely a success if from cover to cover it makes you feel that those were your emotions and those your reactions, described to a T, and never before so thoroughly. Even if you were not a phenomenal child and had none of the inspirations quite usual with Blanche, still you feel that her inner world is of the same stuff as was your five-year-old inner world, and that you have come upon something more thrilling than a diary of your own could have been, even with Miss Connolly's delightful style to garnish it.

The style is easily on a par with the best in recent adult fiction and the subject matter simple, real, and entertaining. An Irish wit sparkles through the pages, though the "smaht chile" is anything but a smarty child. Washington forms a picturesque background to a colorful young life and nothing extraneous to a child's experience tempts the author away from the proper perspective. A clear, childlike mind judges life with candor and lavishes upon it her entirely childlike and unexaggerated emotions; and Blanche has the good fortune to be surrounded by a family, neighbors, and faithful family servants entirely worthy of the affection they inspire in little Mrs. Chatterbox.

The author, Miss Louis Connolly, was that little girl herself and Decie Merwin who drew the pictures might have been that little girl's best friend.

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM. A Book of Praise and Prayer by GWENDOLINE WATTS. Illustrated by SUSAN FRANCES PERRIN. Knopf. 1928.

This is the best collection of single short prayers, verses, and little suggestions of religious thought for quite young children that we have seen. If the older people find some of it a bit sentimental, we think the children will not, and both reprints and original verses and stories are in good taste.

We like especially the following "Beatitudes" for little children which is copied from Challenge Book & Picture Ltd.

HAPPY ARE THEY

Who are kind to Dumb
Creatures. For they are
The Children of the Good
Father Who made all things.

Happy are they

Who laugh when they feel
like crying. For they shall
be called God's heroes.

Happy are they

Who forgive others quickly.
For God's sunshine shall
be upon their faces.

Happy are they

Who want very much to
grow up wise and good.
For God is their Helper.

RUSTY RUSTON. By *Marian Hurd McNeely*. Longmans. $2.

TANGLE GARDEN. By *Elizabeth Janet Gray*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

JUNIOR STARKE, POUNDMAN. By *Linwood L. Righter*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

TRAINING THE BIRD DOG. By *C. B. Whitford*. Macmillan. $2.

AFRICAN JUNGLE LIFE. By *A. Radclyffe Dugmore*. Macmillan. $6.

VESTIGES OF PRE-METRIC WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. By *Arthur E. Kennelly*. Macmillan. $2.50.

SINGING AND PLAYING. By *Ernest Schelling, Gail Martin Haake, Charles J. Haake*, and *Osbourne McConathy*. Oxford University Press.

THE SCIENCE OF PUBLIC WELFARE. By *Robert W. Kelso*. Holt. $3.50.

EXAMPLES OF LETTERING AND DESIGN. By *J. Littlejohns*. Pitman. $1.25.

INSURANCE OFFICE ORGANIZATION AND ROUTINE. By *J. B. Welson* and *F. H. Sherriff*. Pitman. $2.25.

INTRODUCTION TO TEXTILES. By *A. E. Lewis*. Pitman. $1.

THE NEXT QUESTION. By *Edith Hamilton MacFadden*. Published by the author, 18 Francis Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. By *S. H. Hooke*. Morrow. $1.

THE GOLDEN AGE. By *H. J. Masingham*. Morrow. $1.

CORN FROM EGYPT. By *M. Gompertz*. Morrow. $1.

ANCIENT MARINERS. By *C. Daryll Forde*. Morrow. $1.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF LIFE INSURANCE. By *Edward A. Woods*. Appleton. $2.50.

PUBLICITY FOR SOCIAL WORK. By *Mary Swain Routzahn* and *Evart G. Routzahn*. Russell Sage Foundation. $3.

CHINESE-JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY. By *John C. Ferguson* and *Masaharu Anesaki*. Marshall Jones. $10.

FIELD BOOK OF COMMON FERNS. By *Herbert Durand*. Putnams. $2.50.

FIELD BOOK OF NORTH AMERICAN MAMMALS. By *H. E. Anthony*. Putnams. $3.50.

FIELD BOOK OF COMMON GILLED MUSHROOMS. By *William S. Thomas*. Putnams. $3.50.

THE STRUGGLES OF MALE ADOLESCENCE. By *C. Stanford Read*. Dodd, Mead. $2.75.

THE ROCKING CHAIR, AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION. By *Walter A. Dyer* and *Esther S. Fraser*. Century. $2.50.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIAN ADMINISTRATION. By *the Survey Staff*. Johns Hopkins Press.

LOVE AND LIFE. By *Don Cabot McCowan, M.D.* Pascal Covici. $3.50.

A HISTORY OF SKI-ING. By *Arnold Lunn*. Oxford: 16s. net.

HEALTH AND WEALTH. By *Louis I. Dublin*. Harper. $3.00.

HEREDITY AND CHILD CULTURE. By *Henry Dwight Chapin*. Dutton. $2.50.

YOUR NERVES AND THEIR CONTROL. By *Foster Kennedy, M.D.*, and *Lewis Stevenson, B.A., M.D.* Appleton. $1.50.

KEEPING YOUNG AFTER FORTY. By *Eugene R. Whitmore*. Appleton. $1.50.

CANCER: A PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY AND A PUBLIC LIABILITY. By *Albert Soiland*. Appleton. $1.50.

BAIT-CASTING. By *William C. Vogt*. Longmans. $2.50.

GIRLS WHO DID. By *Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore*. Dutton. $2.50.

TENNIS. By *Helen Wills*. Scribner's. $2.50.

VILLAGE UPLIFT IN INDIA. By *F. L. Brayne*. Allahabad, India: The Pioneer Press.

THE HEALERS. By *B. Liber*. New York: Rational Living. $3.

THE EXILE. No. 3, Spring 1928. Edited by *Ezra Pound*. Chicago: Pascal Covici.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1925. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

AIRMEN OR NOAHS. By *Rear-Admiral Murray S. Sueter*. Pitman. $7.50.

BEGINNING TO FLY. By *Merrill Hamburg*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By *Cecil Gray*. Knopf.

A LEAF OF GRASS FROM SHADY HILL. With a review of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." By *Charles Eliot Norton*. Harvard University Press.

HARVEY BAUM: A STUDY OF THE AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION. By *Edward S. Mead* and *Bernhard Ostrolenk*. University of Pennsylvania. $2.

"J. T., JR." By *Delia K. Akeley*. Macmillan. $2.25.

TALKS TO BOYS. By *Sherrard Billings*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

SILVICULTURAL SYSTEMS. By *R. S. Troup*. Oxford University Press. $7.

THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE. By *Emily Eden Stokes*. $2.

LEARNING TENNIS. By *Betty Nutall*. Duffield. $2.50.

HISTORY OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF YALE UNIVERSITY. By *Russell H. Chittenden*. Yale University Press. 2 vols. $10.

THE TRIAL OF THE DECTECTIVES. By *George Dilnot*. Scribners. $3.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN. By *J. Curtis*. Scribners. $3.

THE PELTZER CASE. By *Gérard Harry*. Scribners. $3.

THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER. By *George Dilnot*. Scribners. $3.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. By *Henry Bartlett Van Hoeben*. Scribners. $7.50.

BEAUTY IN HOME FURNISHINGS. By *Walter Rendell Storey*. Henkle. $3.50.

OROKAIVA MAGIC. By *F. E. Williams*. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

BUSINESS SPANISH. By *James Church Alvord*. Century. $2.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE WRITER. By *H. K. Nixon*. Harpers.

WHY GROW OLD? By *Mrs. Frances Shupper*. Rockaway Beach (N. Y.) Journal.

THE WAR DEBTS. By *Philip Dexter* and *John Hunter Sedgwick*. Macmillan. $1.50.

THE LAWS OF VERSE. By *J. C. Andersen*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION. By *Luther Gulick*. New York: National Institute of Public Administration.

GRAIN GROWERS' COOPERATION IN WESTERN CANADA. By *Harald S. Patton*. Harvard University Press. $5.

THE SILENCE. By *Benjamin F. Woodcox*. Battle Creek, Mich.: Woodcox & Fanner. $1.

Philosophy

THE MIND BEHIND THE UNIVERSE. By THEODORE A. MILLER. A. Stokes. 1928. $1.50.

Most of this book is an attempt to reason from the reality of human mentality to ultimate mentality. The author identifies this with argument from human personality to divine personality; but this identification is not as clear to the dispassionate reader as it might be, because he fails to realize that personality is more than mentality. Probably for this reason he depreciates Christianity. It seems to him wrongly concerned with certain aspects of life which are not merely rational. Ergo, in the last analysis, his religion turns out to be a mere morality after all. He chooses from Christ's life and words only the ethical content and writes as though religion had no mystical essence at all. The book has at once the strength and the weakness of the determined logician.

Also, he seems to have read the Gospels strangely. He thinks that Jesus was a Bolshevist. Scholarship offers little support to that conception.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES. By *Robert S. Ellis*. Appleton. $3.50.

THE SYMBOLIC PROCESS. By *John F. Markey*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

THE WORLD AS AN ORGANIC PHILOSOPHY. By *U. O. Lossky*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

HUMAN MOTIVATION. By *Leonard T. Troland*. Van Nostrand. $5.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

E. M., Bridgewater, Mass., asks for material for study (for a thesis) of the post-war novel, "particularly as concerning the chaos of morals and manners which followed the war, and written during or since that period."

CHAOS is a strong word, and such study of the post-war novel as I have made makes me ask myself whether we may not have blamed Armageddon for some of the sins of Adam. So far as I can see from these works of fiction, the only important new factors in the age-old problem of how to make mankind behave are sudden and violent changes in the distribution of wealth and the fact that in a great part of Europe and the British Isles there are five women to one man. I am less interested in novels written directly after the Armistice and taking the period as a unique phenomenon in history than in those that lead up to it, as Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" leads into the post-war "White Monkey" (Scribner), and that into "Silver Spoon" and "Swan Song" (Scribner), or as Rolland's vigorous study of a Frenchwoman's workaday world in "The Soul Enchanted" (Holt) begins its first volume so far back that it fortifies a reader for the events of a later day. "Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Harcourt, Brace), is one of the few novels of high literary quality completely contained in this period that leaves me with the impression that what happens in it happens entirely on account of the war. This is a novel that should certainly be kept alive. Phyllis Bottome's "Old Wine" (Doran) is of the Austrian aristocracy and its efforts to get on its feet again, by any means, after the war. The hero of Jacob Wassermann's "Faber, or the Lost Years" (Harcourt, Brace) comes back to Germany to find his domestic happiness gone, and we are meant to believe that this is not altogether due to personal reasons, but the idea that moral chaos came in with 1914 is somewhat shaken by the same author's picture of prewar Europe in "The World's Illusion" (Harcourt, Brace). Frank Thiess's "The Gateway of Life" (Knopf) leaves an impression of youth resurgent in Germany: I do not know what the later volumes are preparing for the hero.

The real hero of André Maurois's "Bernard Quesnay" (Appleton) is the woollen-goods industry in France in the years just after the war, and if that sounds uninteresting, I can testify that I was far more excited by the rise and fall of its fortunes in post-war inflation and collapse than I was by any of the love-affairs. Sheila Kaye-Smith's "End of the House of Alard" (Dutton) faces the problem of keeping ancestral land-holding traditions under post-war economic conditions, and sees it through in the lives of the members of a large family, so different in type that it receives uncommonly thorough treatment. The same theme underlies her recent "Iron and Smoke" (Dutton), in which the friendship of two women persists through the conflicts of atavistic land-holding and industrial conditions of to-day. These conditions are so dealt with by H. G. Wells's "Meanwhile" (Doran) that its second section is less a novel than a report on the coal strike. An army of readers take their ideas of post-war conditions from Philip Gibbs, whose latest work is a set of little novels called "Out of the Ruins" (Doubleday, Doran), and from Arthur Gibbs, whose "Soundings" and "Labels" deal with phases of social readjustment; the latter is a sympathetic study of a family in which one son is a D. S. O. and the other a C. O. There are plenty of English novels showing high society in the act of dancing not only on but in a volcano, and American ones with the younger generation on the road to Sheol, but I seem to have heard something like this before 1914. Stephen McKenna, however, puts politics enough into his novels to tie them firmly to their day, especially in "Saviours of Society" (Little, Brown) and "The Secretary of State" (Little, Brown). One of the reasons for the huge success of Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" (Knopf) was its study of post-war resilience, and one for that of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" (Scribner) its accurate presentation of a society without any resilience at all—or much of anything else save a vocabulary and a thirst.

MR. Frank Swinnerton has settled the pronunciation of Beaconsfield, as far as this department is concerned. It seems that in the village from which Disraeli took this name for his title it is pronounced *Bek*konsfield, but when Disraeli took it over he called it *Bee*consfield. When the most celebrated inhabitant of the village at the present time, G. K. Chesterton, was reminded of this, he is said to have remarked "He would," and kept on as before.

A CORRESPONDENT in China writes that he submitted my recent suggestions to a Colorado Springs reader for a list on the "Russian menacein China" to Mr. George Sokolski, associate editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, a regular writer on the Staff of the *North China Daily News* (British), and the editor of a Petrograd paper from the time he left the Pulitzer School of Journalism until he escaped with the last train of refugees through Siberia. "You might be interested to know," he says, "that Mr. Sokolsky immediately replied that he thought the list was all right and as good as any list of its kind could be, but that he felt that there was more in 'China in the Grip of the Reds,' by Eugene Pick, printed by the *North China Daily News*, than in all such books put together. Subsequently he recommended Woodhead's 'China Year Book' for 1927. The latter is accessible in any large library in the States; the former, the experiences of a former Soviet agent who escaped and turned evidence, is out of print though perhaps obtainable in New York."

I. M. S., Beacon, N. Y., sailing soon for France, asks if there is not a book called "Better French," intended as "a sort of sheet-anchor for one whose boarding-school French is rusty from disuse."

IT is called "Brighter French," is by an anonymous author, and is published in the United States by Payson & Clarke. It is more a life-preserver than a sheet-anchor, giving the student mobility rather than stability and adding to his school-room grammar a collection of idioms and verbal short-cuts of quite dazzling practicality. Its most distinctive effort to make its readers think like Frenchmen is to give them 210 different uses of some form of *faire* and over thirty of *porter*. These two verbs will float an American through French conversation with a few short portages—always remembering, however, that if the verb *tromper* should drop out of the dictionary, the French stage would have to go out of business.

It might be well, also, to let your French friends tell a few anecdotes of their own before trying some of those with which this lighthearted work provides you.

J. *M., Searcy, Ark., asks who publishes "Standards," by W. C. Brownell.* Scribner, for $1.25. A New York correspondent says "by all means tell *M. E. T., Rome, N.Y.*, about "Strenuous Italy," by H. Nelson Gay (Houghton Mifflin), the best book to meet prejudice and misinformation concerning Fascism." *G. W. P., Los Angeles, Cal.*, sends in two more "phantom books," one constantly referred to in Norman Douglas's 'South Wind'—'Antiquities of Nepenthe,' by Monsignor Perelli. The other is as prominent in 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey'—'Letters of the Marquesa de Montemayor.' But I thought these might already have appeared in the unphantom side of the library as the "Letters of Mme. de Sévigné." *M. A. S., University of Penn.*, says I will do *O. M., Brooklyn*, a favor by telling him not to mind the history of journalism I named in my recent reply, for the best one is W. G. Bleyer's "Main Currents in American Journalism" and the next best is J. M. Lee's "History." There is another book by Lucy M. Salmon, it seems, called "The Newspaper and the Historian," equally copious and equally miscellaneous. He says that the best book on English journalism is H. R. Fox Barnes's "English Newspapers," but it is forty years old. The standard French authority is Hatin's "Histoire de la Presse en France," which has also gathered a good many years, and the German is Ludwig Salomon's "Geschichte des Deutschen Zeitungswesens." I may add on my own account that I have just returned from the international press exhibition at Cologne, the brilliant "Pressa," and my best advice to anyone coming abroad this year and at all interested in newspapers, printing, book-production, or any of the means of communication by which ideas reach print, or in the history of the press in any country, is to make for Cologne Cathedral, cross the Rhine, and spend a week.

R. H. Morganfield, Ky., asks for stories to be read aloud to a class of boys and girls ten to twelve years old in a small town with no public library. "Please suggest some books that will create a desire for good literature and be a preparation for more difficult reading."

GROWN-UP audiences ask me about books: children tell me about them. They do not say "What is your opinion of . . ." but "Have you read so-and-so?" and if I haven't they tell me in no uncertain terms that I should instantly do so. In this manner I have gathered a list of books about whose drawing-power with young people I do not argue. "Men of Iron," by Howard Pyle (Harper), is one, and H. W. French's "The Lance of Kenana" (Lothrop) another; indeed I think I have had more outbursts of recommendation for these two than for any others outside the admitted list of standbys to which children are faithful generation after generation. "Jack Among the Indians," by George Bird Grinnell (Stokes), is another, and "The Peterkin Papers," by Lucretia Hale (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Flamingo Feather," by Kirk Monroe (Harper), that keeps on waving as if it had not been doing so for as long as I can remember. I have had such grateful letters from those to whom I introduced Samuel Scoville's "The Inca Emerald" (Century) and the other adventure-romances of its group, that I put it on this list without question. If my choice seems guided by the taste of boys rather than of girls, frankly it is: where a book is to be read aloud to a schoolroom filled with both, girls will at least put up with what pleases boys, but what is chosen because it pleases little girls will very likely produce in a little boy a lifelong distaste for literature.

If some of these children are young for ten, be sure that they have "Pinocchio" and "Heidi," and in any case make sure that they have all had a chance to read them—I say this because there is no library in the town. Each is published in several editions, some beautifully illustrated, but where the budget is small it is well to know that "Heidi" may be had from Ginn for sixty-eight cents and "Pinocchio" for sixty-four cents,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

while the perfect illustrations of the latter by Collodi, that belong with it as Phiz does to Boz and appear in the expensive large-paper edition of Macmillan, may be found, somewhat reduced in size, in Macmillan's children's Classics series for $1.75.

E. G., Senatobia, Miss., H. S. A., Mason City, Iowa, A. W., Bronxville, N. Y., and several others, ask for advice on the arrangement of programs of club study of modern authors.

THIS is the time of the year when such questions come so often that I am making a sort of composite reply that I hope may be accepted by those to whom I have already replied by mail and perhaps by those who have been planning to write. If the program is to be based on the works of American authors—and I have found that when no country is named it generally is—a good book to inspire and accompany it is "Spokesmen," by T. K. Whipple (Appleton), a new one that not only considers the productions of contemporary novelists, poets, and playwrights, but considers them in relation to American life at the present day. These essays are on Willa Cather, Robert Frost, Sherwood Anderson, Henry Adams, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, Vachell Lindsay, Eugene O'Neill, Theodore Dreiser, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Much the same ground is covered in "Contemporary American Authors," by J. C. Squire and associated critics (Harcourt, Brace), but as these are English—or at least long resident in England—they are largely concerned with their subjects as expressing the spirit of America in some way. As the spirit of America is something like the Woolworth Building or St. Paul's, not really to be seen save at a considerable distance, the use of a book with so long a perspective is apparent.

If the program is to include or consist entirely of British authors, there are the nineteen brilliant essays contained in Dixon Scott's "Men of Letters" (Doran). The second edition appeared in 1917, and I know of nothing since that could be named instead of it. To go with it, however, I suggest J. B. Priestley's "Figures in Modern Literature" (Dodd, Mead), one of the most ingratiating of recent books about books. I treasure it especially because it is the only one to give a whole chapter to the art of W. W. Jacobs, and do justice to it in such manner that I immediately reread everything that Jacobs had written.

If the subject be continental authors, a guide has just appeared in William A. Drake's "Contemporary European Writers" (John Day). This has so wide a range and covers competently so many matters that it is almost a little library in itself. For the special purpose with which this reply is concerned, program-making, the list of translations into English of works therein described, given in Mr. Drake's bibliography, will be of high usefulness. No one knows this better than I, constantly called on to provide material for following in English, even at a distance, the course taken by writers of foreign literature. Not everyone has the linguistic equipment to make at first hand, like Ernest Boyd, "Studies from Ten Literatures" (Scribner). The essays in this and its companion "Studies from Nine Literatures" (Scribner) cover the face of the earth; in several instances they were the first critical estimates of authors of worldwide importance to appear in this country.

There are several handbooks to which I have occasion often to refer in answering questions for study-clubs, and one of these is J. M. Cunliffe's "English Literature during the Last Half-Century" (Macmillan) and to a somewhat less degree its companion "French Literature during the Last Century" (Macmillan). These cover the interval between where the textbooks leave off and the newspapers begin. Another admirable reference book for this period is "American and British Literature since 1890" (Century), by Carl and Mark Van Doren. Two condensed bibliographical aids with notes for study, with the somewhat misleading titles, "Contemporary British Literature" and "Contemporary American Literature" by Manly and Rickert (Harcourt, Brace), constantly come in handy for looking up living authors, especially in place where "Who's Who," British and American, is not available. This sentence was cunningly recast to avoid using the plural of "Who's Who," for however I write this it does not look reasonable. "The Modern American Writers Series" (Dodd, Mead), is a very present help to program makers, especially Grant Overton's "The Women Who Make our Novels," which tells a great deal about an overwhelming array of writers important and otherwise. I speak in particular of this because I often find in it answers to questions I would else be forced to give up, but I might say as much for "The Men Who Make our Novels," by Charles C. Baldwin, "Our Short Story Writers," by Blanche Colton Williams, and "Our American Humorists," by Thomas Masson. Howard W. Cook's "Our American Poets" must stand competition with half a dozen other works on the same subject. Clubs that follow prize awards will find Annie Russell Marble's "The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature" (Appleton) helpful; it goes from Sully-Prudhomme to Reymont and begins with a chapter on Nobel and the conditions of his will making possible such extraordinary divergence of opinion as to the prize-winners.

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The "Angler" Again

THE COMPLETE ANGLER or The Contemplative Man's Recreation. By IZAAC WALTON. With an Introduction by BLISS PERRY and decorations by W. A. DWIGGINS. Boston: Goodspeed. 1928.

MR. UPDIKE, the printer of this book, has stated that there is no better way to study printing than by examining editions of standard works as printed through the years by various printers. And the words may well have run through his mind as he set out to print another edition of the perennial "Angler." For many printers have tried their hands at it since the first edition of 1653. It has been printed in many formats, but always the best format has been a small one—the charm and intimacy of Walton's writing, of which Professor Perry writes so entertainingly in his introduction, have been more at home in the small book than in the large or elaborate one.

The present edition is, as it should be, a small, chunky volume, than which there is no more delectable format. It is set in a peculiarly appropriate type face — that unique "Oxford" type designed in America a century and a quarter ago—small in size and much leaded, making a clear, readable page. The introduction of black-letter running-heads and titles saves the page from any possible charge of monotony—though how any page set in so lovely a type could be monotonous is not easy to explain.

For the beginning of each day, Mr. Dwiggins has designed pictorial headpieces which are printed in colors. They are as charming as the text and the printing, though the method employed—that of dotted lines and stipple—would produce, in the hands of a lesser man anything but a pleasant result. But a lesser man did not do them. Mr. Dwiggins is also responsible for the cover, black English bookcloth, with gold stamping, and side papers printed with a drop-repeat pattern in two colors. A binding which it is pleasant to look at and have on one's shelf, which is more important than that the binding be "appropriate."

I would like to point out that Mr. Updike and Mr. Goodspeed have preserved one of the minor niceties of book-making which seems to me worth preserving, but which I notice some of our over-anxious printers and publishers would disregard. The colophon, and by the way there is no silly rot in it about the kind of type and paper used, is where it belongs—at the back of the book. The printer's job isn't to advertise his wares on the first page, but to print decently. And a decent respect for the opinion of book-lovers requires that the very necessary information which a colophon should contain, shall be placed where it will not intrude on the reader's attention.

Here is a practical, companionable edition of the Angler, and one of the few which a printer who may, fortunately, himself be a fisherman, can possess and read with satisfaction

A Review by Norton

A LEAF OF GRASS FROM SHADY HILL. Cambridge: John Barnard Associates, 1928.

THE John Barnard Associates, that group of book-lovers and lovers of printing formed some time ago at Harvard, have issued for private circulation, and to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Charles Eliot Norton's birth, his review of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." The review appeared, unsigned, in *Putnam's Monthly* for September, 1855, and it is only by inference that Norton's name is now appended to the review: although the evidence seems fairly clear that he did it.

The book before me is a large octavo, with a frontispiece picture of Norton and Professor Child, taken about 1854. It is too bad that such a picture should be reproduced in half-tone for such a book, but I suppose it takes more courage than is usually at hand to look a gift horse in the mouth. Nevertheless, a half-tone is quite out of place here. The title page is a wild and furious attempt at "period printing" and sets one's teeth on edge—faithful as it may be to the typography of that doleful time.

Dr. Kenneth B. Murdock provides a lengthy and complete introduction, explaining the reasons for believing that Norton wrote the review, and giving much information about Whitman's reception by the New England writers, and telling as much as is known of the poem, "A Leaf of Grass," presumably written by Norton, and now first printed from the original manuscript in the Norton Collection in the Harvard College Library.

Entertaining Extracts

TWO recent British criticisms will, I believe, entertain the readers of this *Review*. *They* at least will understand our cousins, and make allowance for a habit hard to quite give up. And who wants them utterly to give up the practice of chiding? What would the comic spirit in America do if there were no Britons to guide us along the path?

From the *London Mercury*: ". . . . I hope it does not seem pedantic to suggest, however, that, as we are being so continually reminded that the Americans are making a new language, it would be courteous of them to spell in English when they quote from English poetry."

From the *London Times Literary Supplement*: ". . . . Mr. . . . . is presumably an American; but, apart from two or three insignificant words and the slightly different spellings authorized by American usage, the language of his version is that which is common to educated persons in all English-speaking countries."

Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Education in the Russian Soviet, is translating all Anatole France's work into Russian for publication by the State.

An Opened Letter

For

LITERARY CLUBS

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

25 WEST 45TH ST.
New York City

253 *Garfield Place,*
Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 25, 1928.

Mr. Noble A. Cathcart,
Publisher Saturday Review of Literature,
New York.

My dear Mr. Cathcart,

I POSTED my renewal before I read your letter requesting a personal comment.

WHAT do I like about the Review?—I enjoy and utilize every line of it!—but perhaps I like best, the "personal touch" of Mrs. Becker's Department. An "S. O. S." to her has brought me many a life-saver.

YOU see, I am a literary club woman, or a woman of literary clubs and am amazed to find that the Review is not more used by such women, so, in my talks, I mention it, often carrying along copies and reading therefrom. (You ought to have a "Speaker's Bureau" in connection with your adv't dep't—please offer me the job if you so decide!!!)

NEXT in my affections are the front page editorials, written, I presume, by Dr. Canby. Anyway, they are so "meaty" that I find themes for talks in every issue.

NOW, in closing,—because of cramped quarters, it is impossible to keep back numbers and formerly I left them at a nearby hospital with other magazines—the patients thought them too "highbrow"—but now, I curry favor at the nearest Womrath library, by giving them—much clipped and mutilated—to the two young women in charge. They were not acquainted with it, but now devour it, frequently telling patrons, "Oh, you'll like that book—there was a favorable review of it in the Sat. R. of Lit." So there!!!

[Signed] Olive Mamrs

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THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

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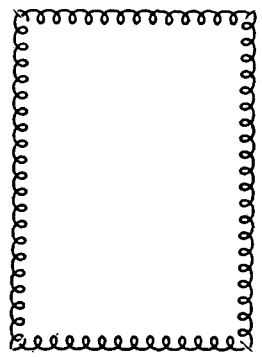

Portrait of the critic who didn't like SHOW GIRL

Some vestige of the schoolmaster instinct led *The Inner Sanctum* to inaugurate the custom of grading all reviews as they flutter in from the clipping department. In the case of *Show Girl*, J. P. MCEVOY'S saga of DIXIE DUGAN, "the hottest little wench who ever shook a scanty at a tired business man," the marks for the initial batch of reviews at the end of the first week stacked up like this:

HEYWOOD BROUN, *Telegram*	A
HARRY HANSEN, *The N. Y. World*	A
The N. Y. Times Book Review	A
Philadelphia Public Ledger	A plus
The Hartford Times	A plus
The Galveston News	A plus
MORRIS MARKEY in *Books*	A plus
The N. Y. Daily News	A plus
Variety	A plus
EDWARD HOPE, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*	A plus plus plus plus*

(*) *A four alarm fire of incendiary origin.*

The Inner Sanctum is frequently asked if reviews sell books. The answer is *Yes*, most decidedly *Yes*, when books like *Show Girl* get reviews like these. The first edition was sold out on publication date, and within four days the second was half sold, necessitating an almost panicky order for a third and larger printing.

—ESSANDESS.

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Special Summer Poetry Number

LISTEN my children — you read this while we, having crossed the bounding billow (d. v.) are rusticating with Sirena somewhere in rural England. We have done with hatching columns for the nonce. By Labor Day we shall be back at our labors. Meanwhile, we are going to repose. We sent frantic cables in search of O'Reilley to help us out this summer, but cannot locate that errant mouse. There are rumors that he joined the Nobile expedition and is among those still unaccounted for. So Dr. Canby has said we could enjoy our vacation without having to send home copy every week. Hooray! Hooray! Of course, if anything particular turns up that you want to hear, we shall send the good word along. . . .

In the past, two poets were assiduous in helping us out on that Ferocious Sonnet business we once instituted. These gentlemen, and gentlemen they certainly are, were *Leonard Doughty* and *Harvey Carson Grumbine*. We have a lot of their stuff still in our locker. We are going to lead off this special poetry number with a selection apiece by each of them. Here goes. . . .

Leonard Doughty hails from Austin, Texas. He was most assiduous in collecting and copying out with incredible neatness a great sheaf of ferocious sonnets, with other fragments of poems that might so pass, from among the great writers of the past. We still have his selections. They would form an excellent basis for a book of ferocious sonnets of the past and present. Among them are sonnets by *Sydney Dobell*, *Browning*, *Tennyson*, *Swinburne*, *Wordsworth*, *Bayard Taylor*, *Lord Alfred Douglas*, *Coleridge* (not written as a sonnet), *A. E. Housman* (made into a sonnet by Procrustes, keeper of the tavern), *Matthew Arnold*, *Edward S. Gregory*, *Tupper*, *Rossetti*, *Heine* (translated by *Leland*), *William Morris* (another Procrustean feat), *Todhunter*, *F. W. H. Myers*, *Emily Pfeiffer*, *Christina Rossetti*, *Herbert E. Clarke*, *Aubrey De Vere*, *Richard Realf*, and *Bayard Taylor*. If any publisher wishes to take up with Mr. Doughty, the matter of an anthology of Ferocious Sonnets, we herewith renounce all rights therein—and Mr. Doughty's address is 407 West 39th Street, Austin, Texas.

Here is a sample of his own original quality as a sonneteer:

LIFE THE RUFFIAN

The world is all too dreary for my love.
It makes my heart ache and it hurts my brain,
Like some strong captive lover who has lain
Bounden and heart-burst while the ruffians shove
His mistress into covert. God above!
But give me strength to burst these bonds in twain,
And then no other gift but endless pain!
And so falls back and stares at God's remove.
Thus life the ruffian has served thee and me.
Into the covert with his hot beast's face
Against thine, and his foul confederate peers
Shouting above thy frantic wrath and plea.
And God lifts not the might up of His mace.
And Christ beside His Mother sits and hears.

And *L. Piaget Shanks* sent us his own translation of *Baudelaire's* "Le Tonneau de La Haine," taken from Shanks's translation of "Les Fleurs du Mal":

Hate is the Danaids' deep thirsty tun;
'Tis vain red-armed Revenge, in mad emprise,
Hurls in its murky cavern, one by one,
Great pails of blood and tears from dead men's eyes;
This gulf the Devil guts, in secret wise,
Till from it centuries of sweat would run,
Nor would Hate fill it, could she galvanize
Her dead, and squeeze each to a skeleton.

Hate is a drunkard at an inn accurst,
Who finds each goblet that his bosom bore,
A Lernean hydra of eternal thirst.
But lucky topers meet their conqueror
While piteous Hate must drink and drink, unable
To quench his flame in stupor 'neath the table.

Dorothy Stott Shaw sent us a translation of *Michelangelo's Rime:* Sonnet No. 5, the one to *Giovanni da Pistoja*. It is the translation of *John Addington Symonds*. We always liked old Buonarroti's outspoken expression:

I've grown a goitre dwelling in this den—
As cats from stagnant streams in Lombardy,
Or in what other land they hap to be—
Which drives the belly close beneath the chin;
My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
Fixed on my spine; my breast-bone visibly
Grows like a harp: a rich embroidery
Bedews my face with brush drops thick and thin.
My loins into my paunch like levers grind;
My buttock like a crupper bears my weight;
My feet unguided wander to and fro;
In front my skin grows loose and long; behind,
By bending, it becomes more taut and straight;
Crosswise I strain me like a Syrian bow:
Whence false and quaint, I know,
Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye;
For ill can aim the gun that bends awry.
Come then, Giovanni, try
To succour my dead pictures and my fame;
Since foul I fare and painting is my shame.

With which we bow ourselves out, and rush down town for a necessary *visa*. God rest you during the "heated term"!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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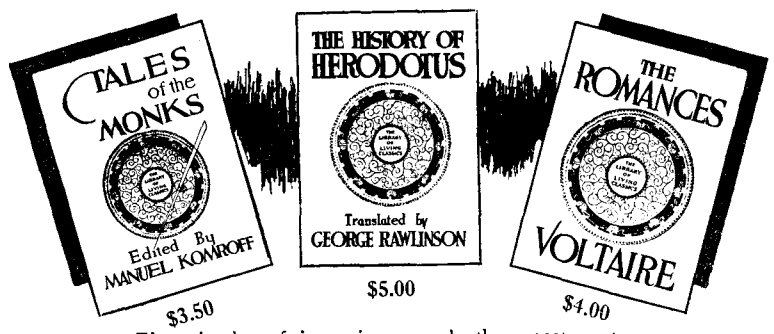

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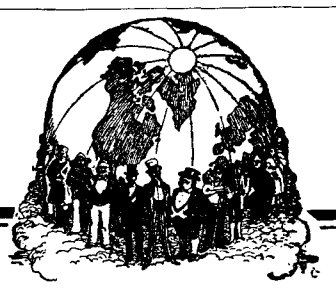

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